The Saturday Review of Literature

VOL. XVI NO. 11 NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 10, 1937 TEN CENTS A COPY

IN THIS ISSUE

CHARLES W. FERGUSON
Who Reads Religious Books?

WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE
Reviews "Integrity: the Life of George W. Norris" by Richard L. Neuberger and Stephen B. Kahn

GEORGE STEVENS
Reviews "Children of Strangers" by Lyle Saxon

LEONARD BACON
Reviews "Mythology and the Romantic Tradition in English Poetry" by Douglas Bush

JOHN C. DEWILDE
Reviews "Anarchy or Hierarchy" by S. de Madariaga

Whitesell, New Orleans

LYLE SAXON

"The mulatto community is unique, and interesting in itself, but it is the character of Famie . . . that gives the book its poignancy and its considerable distinction"

(See page 6)

TUSCULUM COLLEGE LIBRARY

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A TICKET TO VACATION-BOOK-LAND

Victoria Four-Thirty

BY CECIL ROBERTS

A novel, subtle in design, gripping in its dramatic suspense, which combines in a cohesive narrative a dozen separate stories of romance, adventure and humor.

The characters all are passengers on the Orient Express and the reader follows them across Europe to their various destinations. $2.50

Night Between The Rivers

BY R. L. DUFFUS

"Mr. Duffus' picture of New York caught in a general strike is almost flawless. It rings calamitously true. It leaves the reader shaken. There could not be a timelier novel." —*Lewis Gannett*

"Reveals a novelist who has both meaning and style."—*New York Sun* $2.50

Neighbor To the Sky

BY GLADYS HASTY CARROLL

"Natural, straight-forward and homey; a story the reader will follow with absorbing interest throughout."—*Boston Herald*

"Again we have in Mrs. Carroll's writing a feeling of life itself."—*Philadelphia Inquirer* $2.50

Perilous Sanctuary

BY D. J. HALL

"A story as strange as it is exhilarating. A highly unusual piece of work. Mr. Hall is more than a master of the art of narrative . . . he has a grasp of psychology which is all but uncanny."—*New York Times* $2.50

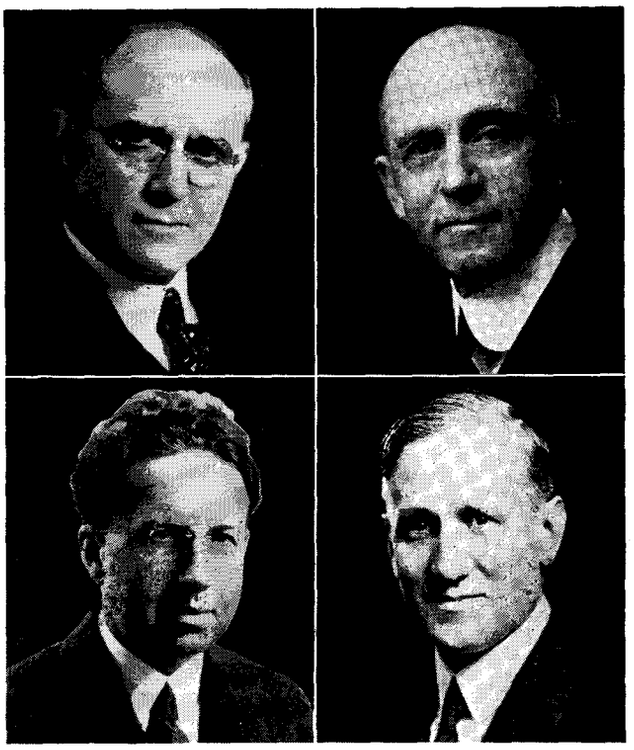
THE MACMILLAN COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Who Reads Religious Books?

BY CHARLES W. FERGUSON

NOW and again some book distinguished for its piety breaks away from the common lot and reaches a place among the leading sellers of the day. This occurrence, not as infrequent as you might suppose if you take a long enough view, sets heads wagging and leads to new inquiries about religious books. A current case in point is "The Return to Religion," by Dr. Henry C. Link. Enjoying the advantage of a new and non-professional approach, validating religion to the common man by giving it a new vocabulary, this book has remained constantly big time for the past six months. A more astonishing case, because it was a novel, happened not many years ago in Lloyd C. Douglas's "Magnificent Obsession," published by a small Chicago concern which had made its salt up to then with devotional literature and hymnals. "The Return to Religion," nicely timed for an age of distraction, has done a cash business of 83,000 copies, whereas "Magnificent Obsession," with years to grow on, has topped 250,000 and has been translated into seven languages and punched in Braille.



SOME LEADING RELIGIOUS WRITERS

Above, Lloyd C. Douglas and Gaius Glenn Atkins; below, Harry Emerson Fosdick and E. Stanley Jones.

Such incidents almost invariably come as a shock to the reading public, exciting more curiosity than a beard. The general bookstores, ever ready to stand by for a kill, evince a shaded interest and the librarians look askance and whisper their opinions. For the odd fact is that the reading public, and in particular that part of it charged with the sale of general books, knows nothing whatever about the whole subject of religion and now and then encounters it with a look of polite interest. Yet of all the new books published in America in 1936, there were more in the classification of Religion than in any other classification save Fiction and Juveniles. The actual number listed as religious was 684. This is twice as many as appeared in the field of science and greater than the number that appeared in the field of sociology and economics put together. The proportion has been relatively the same in years past. Signs notwithstanding, the demand for religious books is perennial and increases rather than abates in an age of sophistication. It is the occasional item that slips over and makes news, but the real news lies in the day-by-day activities of those who write, read, and sell religious books.

For what goes on occasionally under the big tent now and then is going on steadily all the time a few paces away. The religious book business—merely that part of has that has to do with Protestants—is one of gigantic proportions and innate modesty. It is, so to say, a world apart. It keeps aloof from the hubbub and, though infrequent sallies are made into the market place, the wares of this trade are generally hocked through an entirely separate body of facilities. There are one hundred and twenty-five stores majoring in religion. These are, for the most part, depositories established by the Methodists, Presbyterians, Baptists, and other communions. In them you may find "The Nile" and "Man, the Unknown," for the pious folks and clergymen who patronize these depositories are persons of steadily broadening interests, and the religious stores are liberal enough to admit to their precints the works of heathen, whereas you may search in vain among the general stores for any conscious display of religion. This is only one of the ironies of the business and no one gives more than sporadic thought to it.

What do these stores sell? Mostly, but not entirely, books for preachers—omnivorous and persistent readers. On starvation salaries often, preachers consider books a part of the tools of their craft, and they buy enough to support three sizable publishing houses who rely on them entirely and to keep alive and healthy religious departments in five of the larger general publishing houses. Preachers attend conferences and conventions. They hear speakers who stir their interests. Always nearby is a book table managed by the denomination under the auspices of which the conference is held.

The average preacher knows from solemn experience as well as precept that man cannot live by bread alone. He must cultivate infinite variety, and the best means of doing this is to consult books, working always on a fresh approach to themes that are worn with age.

Hence the sacrifice of so many other interests to the purchase of books. He must have them. They are his base of supplies and the isolation of his life turns him to his books. When he goes to a conference or a convention, he feels that the best way to take home with him the pabulum he has found there is between the covers of a book.

I know one young fellow who had just finished his formal schooling and went to his first conference. During the summer he had earned $129 by assisting in revival meetings. That first conference

Next Week

ESCAPE LITERATURE
By MARGARET CULKIN BANNING

FERMENT
By JOHN T. McINTYRE
Reviewed by N. L. Rothman

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

he bought twenty-two books and took them with him to his first appointment. They were not all new books, but they were new to him. He was sent (sentenced might be a better word) to a small circuit with five churches which he was supposed to visit as best he could. During the first six months in that forsaken place he received all told $147.50 for his professional services. In that time he bought $48 worth of books.

Nor is the hunger for books confined to younger men. I know another clergyman who died at the age of sixty-seven. For forty years he had worked at his job, and during that time he had built up a library of 5,000 volumes, not to mention the hundreds of books which he had given away to preachers in less fortunate circumstances. After his death there came to his address five new books which he had ordered just before his fatal illness.

Naturally, not every Protestant clergyman is a book addict. One might judge by the sermons that, to some, reading is sin. Yet even the ones who rant and wring the hearts of their hearers with endless deathbed stories use books after a fashion—books of illustrations, books on evangelistic methods, on the miracles of prayer, the evils of doubt, and the deeper aspects of brimstone theology. All in all, preaching is a craft which relies to a broad extent upon the written word. It is of the tradition to read. It is not to be forgotten that, after all, an English clergyman uncovered the diaries of Samuel Pepys, and others, with leisure to explore extraneous fields, have made their contribution to astronomy and other sciences.

Down on the forks of the creek, to be sure, the leaning to letters is not so strong as it is among seminarians. Yet even in the back country, loath though the local tub-thumper may be to buckle down and study his lessons, there is usually a superintendent or presiding elder or older fellow who puts forth every encouragement to reading among his brothers, lending books, giving away books, talking books. The Methodist Church and doubtless others exacts a four-year course of stiff reading before it ordains its candidates for full connection with the ministry. Thus on every side the preacher has it dinned into him that he must read or perish.

Having the book habit themselves, preachers recommend books to others; they put notices and reviews of them in their church bulletins. They refer to them casually or with vigor at luncheon clubs and women's clubs. They buttonhole a friend and read him selected passages. In this way and by ways still more devious the books which are intended primarily for preachers get out into the religious laity.

But there are other ways not so devious. Each large denomination has conducted for years courses of study in teacher training. These courses have to do mostly with psychology, with the care and handling of pupils, with progressive education as it will be applied to religion, and with the efficient management of a church school. Books are ordered and written exclusively for these courses, and their close study is required before certificates of merit can be given those who take part. One of these books, "The Pupil and the Teacher," by Luther Allan Weigle, has sold 600,000 copies. "How Shall I Learn to Teach Religion?" by Blanche Carrier, used chiefly as a collateral, has been through nineteen sizable editions in the past four years. Other books of a like nature range in sales from 50,000 to 200,000 copies.

The dimensions of this adult education work carried on by purposive literature in the church can scarcely be imagined until one observes the work done by the Missionary Education Movement. This organization, which has its own publishing house under the imprint of Friendship Press, tends to missionary work alone. Take a look at some of the books from its list: "New Paths for Old Purposes," by Margaret Burton, has sold 70,000 copies; "The New Africa," by Donald Fraser, 59,000; "That Other America," by John A. Mackay, 38,000. These figures, if the books had to do with travel or sex or influencing people, would be considered respectable enough by the average commercial house and yet they are representative of a list of books promoted intensively if quietly by a house whose name is hardly known. What is more, the record of this house covers a period of thirty-five years. "Uganda's White Man of Work," by Sophia Lyon Fahs, was published first in 1907 and is still selling. Another, "The Moffats," a record of early missionary work, by Ethel Daniels Hubbard, was published in 1912 and last year sold 1,000 copies.

In the main these missionary books are not for indoctrination. They are essentially problem books directed toward tolerance and world amity. One now in use among churches of the South is a book on the Negro by a Negro. It is "A Preface to Racial Understanding," by Charles S. Johnson of Fisk University, and its sale will touch the 40,000 mark.

Such books, however, are a sideline when it comes to the lists of Harpers, Scribners, Macmillan, Revell, Cokesbury, Abingdon, Round Table, Willett, Clark, and other houses and departments devoted to religious books exclusively. These organizations sell to preachers and, while a book of devotions or a collection of inspirational essays may find its way through the churches to the pew, the main interest of the book concerns is the sale to preachers.

A comparatively limited audience (it is estimated that there are 100,000 Protestant clergymen in the land) calls, of course, for a wide variety of titles and a number of shrewdly calculated reprints. A high proportion of the books issued must fall into the category of usable material, and these have to do with something you can carry into the pulpit or something that will prime your pump. The old George H. Doran Company, in its heyday a leader in religious books, issued a manual for preachers, now carried on by Harpers. It is in its twelfth year now and is hale and hearty. Time was when it enjoyed an annual distribution of 25,000 copies. Each year it presents a fresh collection of sermon outlines, suggested prayer meeting topics, a discussion of the Sunday School lesson, and other odds and ends that a pastor, pressed for time, would find stood him in good stead.

This manual, which now has a vigorous competitor, is representative of a whole body of preaching literature—books on sermon making, the work of the ministry (Lloyd Douglas wrote a standard work along the line of the minister's every-day duties which is crammed with the same kind of human interest material that has made his novels best sellers), and books of sermons which may be used either as suggestions for sermon topics or verbatim. Illustrative literature must be kept fresh with new books yearly. G. B. F. Hallock, a prodigious compiler for his fellows in the craft, once assembled a work under the astounding title of "5,000 Best Modern Illustrations," and the book enjoyed a sale of 50,000 copies.

Considering that a vast majority of religious books are necessarily dated in that a new supply must be added to replenish material that rapidly becomes familiar, the longevity of some books in this field is amazing. "A History of the Christian Church," by Bishop Hurst, has accumulated a sale of 15,000 copies since it was published in 1890. The works of R. A. Torry, long since dead, have reached a sale of 350,000 copies and show no signs of letting up. Tarbell's "Teacher's Guide"

(*Continued on page* 14)

Lyric Poets

By WITTER BYNNER

LYRIC poets live too long,
They should die soon after birth,
Should give one elemental sign
And then go back to earth.

They should be made of seraphic stuff
Before they leave the womb
And with one sentence say enough
To tantalize the tomb.

THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, published weekly by The Saturday Review Company, Inc., 25 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y. Noble A. Cathcart, *President and Treasurer*; Henry Seidel Canby, *Vice-President and Chairman*; Amy Loveman, *Secretary*. Subscription, $3.50 a year. Vol. XVI, No. 11, July 10, 1937. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Progressive Leader

INTEGRITY: The Life of George W. Norris. By Richard L. Neuberger and Stephen B. Kahn. New York: The Vanguard Press. 1937. $5.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE

BARRING its title, which may be unnecessarily sanctimonious, and a general attitude taken by the authors that George Norris is a martyr for righteousness, this is a swell book. It does, however, miss something essential in the life, character, and achievements of George Norris. That essential something is probably his instinctive modesty, which makes it impossible for him to dramatize himself, and which makes it hard for his biographers to picture him exactly either as a hero or as a victim. Probably no other man in the United States Senate since it was founded has more actual, constructive work to his credit than has George Norris. Yet his name, compared with that of Blaine, Clay, or Calhoun, among other famed senatorial statesmen, is much less inglorious in his own generation. Whether his name will live as theirs have lived, revived and nurtured by the story of his real ability and worth, no one can know.

This book will be a splendid source book. In it, future historians can read the narrative of the Progressive movement in the United States, from the turn of the century to the second Roosevelt administration. Here they will find set down in a stirring tale, the competent story of a brave, wise, honest man in public life who never compromised with himself and so had no temptation to dally with ambition or treat with his enemies. His career, by its very monotony of selflessness, lacks climax, and except as a study in a monotone of decency, it has no drama. Yet this biography sets down such a line of real achievement in American politics as no other senator of his time has to his credit.

Another book—intensely interesting—might be written by some eminent psychologist with historical gifts which these authors, in their zeal to paste laurel on their hero's brow, do not have. Yet from the book one learns and truthfully that George Norris was one of the ablest, most efficient advocates of four Constitutional amendments, the one providing for the income tax, the one providing for the direct election of United States senators, the one providing for votes for women, and the last—which was adopted almost solely because he wrote it and engineered its passage—for the inauguration of a president and the assembling of Congress immediately after election instead of three months later. All of these amendments were democratic amendments. The three political amendments gave the electorate a more direct control over government, and the income tax amendment was and is an obvious instrument in democratizing the national income. Under the income tax amendment it is possible to use taxation as an agency of human welfare.

Cartoon by C. K. Berryman in the Washington Evening Star.

But these amendments are not the major achievement of George Norris. When he came to Congress he was an ordinary congressman from the high plains, a Republican by tradition, with no record back of him that was not duplicated by a hundred of his fellow congressmen. In the middle of the first decade he joined the insurgent group, led somewhat by him and largely by Congressman Victor Murdock, of Kansas, in rebellion against Speaker Cannon and the oligarchical control of the House of Representatives. They won their fight at the end of the decade. Cannon was shorn of much of his power, and control of the lower house passed in Taft's administration more or less out of the regular Republican organization.

George Norris's work in the House was not conspicuous. He was one of a dozen young progressives there who made their mark and did their work, and most of the others passed into a decent oblivion. When Norris went to the Senate, he took with him a profound conviction that government is something more than a policeman. His Senatorial career has been based upon the theory that government is a policeman and a social worker with a talent for super-engineering and a lust for justice.

In the Senate he became one of the leaders there who took control of the Senate out of the hands of his party and placed it in an independent Senatorial bloc, nominally Republican but actually far removed from the Republican way of thought, with aims entirely foreign to those of the Republican tradition and leaders of his day. This bloc, of which George Norris was the most intelligent, the most capable, and the most intransigeant member, was in effect a new party. Its roots sank back into the Roosevelt policies, through Bryanism into Populism

THE LAST LAME DUCK

Cartoon by Fred O. Seibel in The Richmond Times-Dispatch.

and thence went deeper, even into the Granger movement and the Greenback party of the seventies. The senatorial group which Norris joined had been forming while Norris and Murdock were fighting the Cannon machine in the Taft administration. In the Wilson administration the Progressive Senatorial group devoted themselves to introducing and pushing through Congress the pledges, not of the Democratic platform, but of the Bull Moose platform. They stood for the law establishing the Federal Trade Commission, the Tariff Commission, the Federal Reserve Bank, the direct election of United States senators, the income tax law, legislation directed against the monopolies, and the Adamson law regulating the hours of service on the railways.

Curiously, though Norris had every other quality that makes for a successful senator, he has never taken dramatic leadership. He is too modest, or perhaps he is instinctively a lone worker. He has not been checked by his political vices for he has no political vices. He does lack charm. He is not socially inclined. He makes few friends but is loyal to those he has. He is passionately earnest but never politically self-righteous. He gives no impression of being holier than his colleagues, certainly he does not think he is. Perhaps he lacks imagination to cast himself as a hero, and he may be too modest to see what he has achieved and how glorious is his achievement. The young men who have written his biography somehow don't get at that essential gentle humility that is the inner Norrisness of George Norris.

Yet they do appreciate his achievements. The book is easy to read and well worth reading. When he is dead, when his life has been completed and begins to cast a shadow in the light of history, perhaps a wiser author, in the perspective of another decade or another generation, will

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tell the Norris story better. But no biographer will be able to paint George Norris in raw colors. His portrait will have to be done in mauves and beiges, in heliotropes and lavenders. It will be such a book as Henry James or George Meredith might have written, sophisticated, deeply discerning, and in the end full of affection and pride.

For George Norris is one of the really great and profoundly enigmatical figures of his day and time. The riddle which he presents to his generation may be stated thus: Why has a man of so many solid qualities, a man of such diligence in his business, such an intelligent conscience, so modest a courage, and such sweet and self-effacing honesty, never become a hero to the American people? Why has he never even aspired to the highest offices in the Republic? Why has George Norris left the mark of no distinctive glowing personality in the government he served so selflessly for a generation? Perhaps the sphinx of time will answer its own riddle.

Anyway, here's a fine story of a really great man—a noble tale well told.

Superb Soldier

OLD FUSS AND FEATHERS. The Life and Exploits of Lt.-General Winfield Scott. By Arthur D. Howden Smith. New York: Greystone Press. 1937. $4.

Reviewed by PAUL H. BUCK

MR. SMITH believes that General Scott was "a superb soldier, possibly the best of his times," and yet remains "one of the most neglected characters in American history. Experts in military history would agree with this and further point out the extensive terra incognita of research which must be surveyed before any biographer can hope adequately to place Scott in his proper place in history.

Mr. Smith does not essay the time-consuming and tedious work of exploration that would result in a definitive life. He has in mind "the average reader" (does such an animal exist?) and purports to give in the form of a fast moving narrative what tritely might be styled an "appreciation" of his hero.

The story is well told. There is a tendency to overdo the "glamour" of a military career. But the author is essentially accurate in his portraiture of Scott's personality, and he has a fairly sound knowledge of the period. An expert in military affairs would find little to command his interest in the treatment of strategy and tactics. But the amateur would probably relish the vigor and vividness with which the campaigns are narrated.

The definitive biography remains an opportunity for some future scholar. In the meantime the book performs a modest service in meeting the awakening interest in American history.

Paul H. Buck is the author of "The Road to Reunion."

A Poignant Story of the "Free Mulattoes"

CHILDREN OF STRANGERS. By Lyle Saxon. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1937. $2.50.

Reviewed by GEORGE STEVENS

ON the Louisiana plantation where this story takes place there are three kinds of people: the white planter's family, the Negro share-croppers, and the "free" mulattoes. Unlike the mulattoes elsewhere in the South, these are a race apart. Their ancestors were land-owners and slave-owners. With pride in their French descent, their Catholic traditions, they live to themselves on their own land; their heirlooms are the relics of a vanishing culture; they have become, through generations of marriage among themselves, a clan governed by customs of their own. But they are the children of strangers, isolated from whites and blacks alike.

ZELINE, *original of one of the characters in "Children of Strangers." Photo by Mrs. Franz Blom.*

Mr. Saxon has put these people into a novel which beautifully transcribes the poignancy, the pride, the quiet dignity of their lives. He knows them with compassionate but unsentimental understanding. The book is not long, but it covers more than twenty years, recording the passing of one generation and the growth of another. The central character is Famie Vidal (Euphémie in full); at sixteen she is the prettiest girl in the mulatto community; she goes to a Catholic school, does ironing for Miss Adelaide at the Big House, goes to dances (in mulatto French a dance is called a "fais do-do") with her cousin Numa, who expects to marry her. But Famie takes her first step away from her people when she falls in love with a white man, a fugitive who is captured and shot after Famie has met him at night in his hideout. Numa marries her later, but all her love is for her white son, Joel. Her clan stands by her at first; but the conflict comes as Famie sacrifices more and more of her heritage so that Joel may live like a white man.

It is a simple story, but as genuine and moving as it is unpretentious. The quality of the book is hard to define; it comes from a warm understanding, sympathetic without being patronizing, of the characters and what their lives mean to them. This quality is implicit in the way of life of the mulatto clan on the isolated plantation. It is vividly present in the human portrayal of Famie—a characterization in which there is never a false note. It is in the brief, hopeless episode of Numa's disillusionment. It is in the story of Henry, the Negro farmhand, whose friendship with Mr. Paul, the consumptive brother of the plantation owner, almost makes his dream of a better life come true.

The white characters of the novel are on a more superficial level than the mulattoes and the Negroes. Mr. Guy and Miss Adelaide at the Big House, and the friends who visit them from New Orleans, are merely conventional types; and occasionally the author uses them as a sort of chorus, whose dialogues are supposed to explain local conditions to the reader; some of their scenes are too obvious and too easy. Their relations with the Negroes and the mulattoes are only abortively sketched in, except the episode of Mr. Paul and Henry; and the problem of the share-cropper is only touched upon. Of course Mr. Saxon is not writing a sociological novel, and there is no reason why he should; whether he avoids the share-cropper question because he doesn't know the answer, or because he thinks it irrelevant to his novel, is of no consequence. But at some points in the story he seems to raise the issue only to sidestep it. When Mr. Guy buys property from the mulattoes at less than its value, and tries to justify himself, the author seems vague and uneasy in his attitude both to the transaction and the relationship implied.

Another criticism is technical. The mulattoes offer such abundant material for "local color" writing that the novel is a little slow in getting under way; and elsewhere the descriptions sometimes tend to interrupt rather than illuminate the story. This may be owing to the fact that, as the foreword says, the book "has been in preparation for several years." Possibly it started out to be a different kind of novel, in which the community itself was the dominant theme, until Famie ran away with it. In any case, the point is a minor one, because Famie has run away with it successfully. If the novel is not sociological, neither is it primarily regional. The mulatto community is unique, and interesting in itself, but it is the character of Famie, developed in all dimensions and in human terms, that gives the book its poignancy and its considerable distinction.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Humanizing the Unknown

MYTHOLOGY AND THE ROMANTIC TRADITION IN ENGLISH POETRY. By Douglas Bush. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. 1937. $5.

Reviewed by LEONARD BACON

PROFESSOR BUSH has written a book of really terrific erudition. This reviewer is humbled in spirit as he considers the implacable learning and pitiless industry that went to the work's concoction. No one can complain that the subject has not been covered. From 1680 to 1935 nothing appears to have escaped him. And God knows that thoroughness is not to be sneezed at. Also it is right to say that Professor Bush writes with a grace of style and an elegant humor which do a good deal to leaven his gigantic lump. No one would pick the book for a hot afternoon in a hammock, but such heavy materials have not always been slung around with such engaging lightness. Compliments are in order in this connection. And they should also be paid to a scholar who, as far as this reviewer can discern, is a complete Latinist and Grecian, something almost unknown in a slipshod time when a man will tell you that he has read Vergil, neglecting to add that it was in a Bohn translation.

One is perhaps inclined to think that Professor Bush suggests problems for which he does not appear to supply solutions. He knows and he states effectively the conditions under which ancient symbols can like a snake renew their winter weeds outworn. But if any jesting Pilate were to ask him: "What is myth?" as far as I can see, he would get no reply from this book, though he stayed for an answer. One is apt to infer from various detached remarks that Mythology is on the whole Classical Mythology and that what is classical is mythological. To bracket Cleopatra and Helen together seems to me inconsistent. However classical, Helen is a mythical figure. However classical, Cleopatra is not. Six hundred years before Christ Stesichorus could exclaim that Helen never came in the benched ships to Pergamum. But no poet, whether or no blinded by Aphrodite, has had the effrontery to declare that Cleopatra never fled with the quinqueremes from Actium. The glory of Cleopatra is that she is real. The glory of Helen is that she is a symbol. To me the distinction is sharp.

For what after all are myths? And why are we perennially interested in them? As some anthropologists would say, a myth, it would appear, is a method, discovered when the first spark flew from the first clashed flints, of humanizing the unknown. The unknown had always to be put in terms of what men knew. When the Javanese ape first staggered up on his hind-legs, he grew aware of a region of predictability at whose center he dwelt, the prey of fear, the slave of experience. When uncontrollable circumstance forced him to the boundary of what he knew, he drew from his little area of knowledge the analogy that helped to diminish terror. The analogy might be false but the mind was quieted when he had made a relation between the tiger that yelled in the jungle and "the greater tiger whose voice was thunder." If we may believe the pre-historians, he sharpened his mind as he sharpened his flints. But the change in the delicacy and variety of his tools was trifling compared with the change in the delicacy and variety of his thought. The fire came down from Heaven. Tubal-Cain made iron and music. Like later algebraists early man got his known quantities on one side of the equation he only thought he had solved. His conclusions were frequently false or frivolous, but his principle was not unsound. Personalities with names and attributes enabled him to discuss abstractions for which no words existed. His area of predictability widened around him, and, as it waxed, the gods, the heroes, the devils that helped enlarge it, grew a bit shopworn, were mocked, depreciated, abandoned, though we find them, "permanent as the artifacts of the dawn, turning up in the neat gardens of modern thought." As has been pointed out before, "the hair of the dog that bit you," proverbial relic of Stone Age medicine, might well be inscribed over the door of the Pasteur Institute.

However clumsily, one arrives thus at a conception of myth. But why do we like them? Why did Keats climb Latmos, or Shelley the crag of Caucasus? Why is Tennyson in the Forest of Broceliande, or Yeats in the Hall of Tara? Why for that reason does Mr. Eliot examine Ovid's page with a curious and startled eye? Or why must Mr. Jeffers, not too profitably, run through his Æschylus? The answer is that they could not help it. And the reason is clear. When a man comes to the edge of the area of predictability, to the world's wall of fire, *flammarum mœnia mundi*, then, like Lucretius's spear-thrower, he must dart his javelin into the abyss. And the only available weapon is a myth, the thing that humanizes the unknown.

Even among scientists you find flagrant examples. When Clerk Maxwell conceived his demon that sorted the atoms, when Sir James Jeans said that God was a mathematician, each in his way had reached the limit of predictability and took refuge in the methods of our Javanese ancestor. The deepest of human instincts, to make the world over in our own image on our own terms, caught them in the midst of their depersonalized equations, and momentarily and almost in jest they went mythological like every other sensible man. How many times has it been noticed that science and poetry begin at the same place and meet often?

To me at least the perennial abstraction of stories that we know by heart "rather than by head" seems explicable on these grounds. The unknown loses the horror of the vacuum when the myth-maker has humanized it, no matter how neolithically. Somehow we feel it has been dealt with, nor are we much inclined to question the adequacy of the dealing. A sort of humus forms on the granite of mystery, from which what is familiar can sprout. And let no man say that humus is rot. Men will never escape from what is primitive in, and fundamental to, thought. In fact, whenever we get to the edge of predictability the myth-maker is there, whether to create or to comment. Nor was he altogether absent when Professor Bush began and concluded his encyclopedic and entertaining volume.

STONEHENGE: RELIC OF AN AGE OF MYTHS
From "England in Picture, Song, and Story" (Appleton-Century)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

English '37

The Novelist and the Reader: III

SOMETIMES a dramatist introduces between the scenes of a play a robed and masked or otherwise stylized figure who informs the audience about action which cannot appear on the stage but must be understood because of its bearing on what does appear there. This expository device, whose use is one of the perennial debates of dramatic criticism, usually bores the audience painfully. The audience has been witnessing the action of the play: it has seen the French ambassadors present the tennis balls to King Henry, and has heard the King's anger break out in a declaration of war. When the Chorus, on an empty stage, describes a conspiracy of three corrupted men, it does not see the conspirators and so feels no great concern about the King's safety. It saw the tennis balls, it heard the declaration of war, but it learns about the conspiracy at second hand.

It is the hard fate of the novelist that he must always perform the dramatic function of this robed, anonymous figure. What is first-hand on the stage can only be second-hand in fiction. The audience sees for itself, but the reader must be told. The person who goes to a play accepts a very simple convention, that he is looking at life through the invisible fourth wall of a room. But the person who begins to read page 1 of a novel can have the illusion of looking at life only by virtue of an intricate series of nested conventions of which the simplest is that a description in words after the fact can represent the fact itself. A play occurs now, in a present time which we share and during which we are on the scene when the event occurs. A novel, though it deal with the year 2000 and be written in the present tense, deals with immutabilities of past time; the event has happened and we can only be told about it in retrospect. The novelist is a Chorus who relates an event now ended and set in its form forever, who tells us what has irrevocably happened and can in no wise be affected by anything we may feel about it, who must persuade us that something which we know is ended is nevertheless continuous with our perception of it, who must deal even with Molly Bloom's erotic reverie of this morning at a separation like that of a historian translating an inscription by Octavius Caesar on a pediment in Rome.

Yet the illusion of a novel is precisely that the events are beheld at something like first hand: the reader unquestionably has some of the playgoer's feeling of observing the event at the moment when it occurs. He is compensated for not having all of it by privileges which are denied the playgoer, such as the highly artificial one of knowing a character's thoughts. Methods of effecting that illusion begin with the convention of the narrative itself, which usually involves—at least in contemporary fiction—a simple or elaborate pretense that the novelist himself has nothing whatever to do with it. What makes uncomfortable such interpositions of the author as we mentioned last week is the fact that they call attention to the very function of the novelist which it is ordinarily his first care to disguise. An apostrophe on war by Thackeray in his own person brings him on the stage in robe and mask as a Chorus, and so reminds the reader that he has been in the flies all along and that Dobbin, Amelia, and Becky Sharp have, after all, been doing only what he made them do.

As we move toward sophistication from the elementary animism of children such a reminder becomes increasingly fatal to the illusion of fiction. You can tell a child a story in your own person about imaginary people, and he will disregard you entirely with a faith in the event itself so lively that every beanstalk is a practicable ladder to the sky and may have a giant lurking in its top. The primary and basic effects of narrative are on exactly that level, the effects that are called a "story." At bottom they are as simple as a folk tale or fairy tale, but it must be remembered that they are eternal effects, the roots of fiction, and that if a novelist has a good enough "story," if the events are absorbing enough in themselves, he need have little else—and, especially, he need have little technical skill. If the story is good enough, the reader will show a tolerance for inner illogicalities, contradictions, and disparities, and even for emptiness, that contradicts everything the theorist of technique asserts. It may be added that one kind of fiction tries to make the foliage spring from the roots direct—tries to make the event contain or at least suggest, all the dimensions of thought and emotion that give it significance to the reader—and that today this kind of fiction is exerting a strong influence on most other kinds.

Nevertheless, the moment you ask a story to have logic, the moment you require its events to be related to one another, you have begun to abandon the naiveté of a child, have limited the area of illusion and set conditions for the novelist, and have reached a state of mind which resents Thackeray's speaking for himself in his novel. (Let me repeat, and for the last time, that these must not be thought of as absolutes or even as conscious perceptions. Such an objection as the reader feels is well within what I have called his tolerance. He is a little bored by the passage, he hurries through it, he skips it entirely—he gets on to fiction that is moving once more in its own terms.)

The first step, then, is to get the Chorus into the play and devise means of keeping it there. The event which is really seen at second hand will seem much more nearly to be seen at first hand if it is related not by the puppet-master but by someone whom it affects. Someone who takes part in it or, merely observing it, has some emotional stake in it. The illusion will be stronger if, in the language of the texts, the point of view of the story is held within the story itself.

Thus the elementary device of a narrator who speaks in his own person but is a character in the story, an "I" who relates it with the authority that comes from having taken part in it. Though it can hardly be called the most natural way of telling a story, it is an immemorial one, and it is dramatic, it presents the story fairly directly. It is a common method in stories of vigorous or somewhat incredible action, and in stories of the fantastic or the supernatural: a reader is more willing to accept the improbable if he is assured that it occurred on the word of someone who was there at the time. It is also useful when the values of the story require the reader to be kept in ignorance of forces operating apart from the immediate scene: it is psychologically acceptable for the reader to know no more at any given moment than the narrator knows. Furthermore, it enables the novelist to convey any information or make any comments he likes, by simply making them proper to the narrator. And, in proportion as the narrator is made to be a meditative, reflective, or inquisitive person, it permits any kind of speculation and legitimatizes it by investing it with emotions that derive from the fiction itself. The complicated double "I" of Conrad's narrator plus his Marlow creates the enveloping doubt in which the tentative, half-frustrated psychological probing is conducted that is the very essence of his art. The "I" of Mr. Somerset Maugham permits a lively speculation about motive and character in novels whose primary assumption is that nothing more than speculation is possible. The "I" of Proust

(*Continued on page* 14)

The Saturday Review
of Literature

BERNARD DEVOTO.....*Editor*
NOBLE A. CATHCART.....*Publisher*
AMY LOVEMAN.....*Associate Editor*
GEORGE STEVENS....*Managing Editor*
HENRY SEIDEL CANBY, WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT, CHRISTOPHER MORLEY — *Contributing Editors*

THE SATURDAY REVIEW is indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature."

THE SATURDAY REVIEW cannot assume responsibility for the return of unsolicited manuscripts submitted without an addressed envelope and the necessary postage.

Copyright, 1937, Saturday Review Co., Inc.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Letters to the Editor: *Opportunities for Poets; Better Half of Cooper*

Opportunity for Editors?

SIR:—Your often stimulating editorial page had on it recently some paragraphs about Opportunities. The poor poet was dismissed with three curt lines!

I felt at first inclined to ask you for opinions on Opportunities of Editors with regard to the printing of poetry. However, looking over recent issues it seems to me that you are trying to be catholic and fair, with your limited space, which is all that any poet should ask of any editor in this, thank God, still tolerant land.

Poets who have anything to say or who are to be read have always, for the most part, had no easy time of it. Troubles often begin along with recognition, if they are strong enough to stand their ground. If not they conform and take the easy way.

It seems to the writer that there is entirely too much self-conscious straining. Maybe if more who have it in them to write poetry thought less about poetry or being poets they would do better—if they would just be content to write without being ashamed of the word "verse" tabbed upon their efforts. Then it does seem that there is place for a sense of humor in any American poet if he is to deserve the name.

EDWARD P. KNOX.

Toms River, N. J.

SIR:—"*For a Poet.* The great opportunity for our poets just now is to write some poetry that somebody will like." —Editorial in *SRL* of June 19.

But no magazine or book publisher would accept it. No one knows whether real poetry is being written or not, for the reason that only the other kind is permitted to appear.

GRANVILLE TRACE.

Atascadero, Cal.

Cooper for Young Readers

SIR:—What is the "better half of Cooper?" asks Mr. Bennett of Charleston, South Carolina.

If he is about half a century old he would know at once that three of the Leather-stocking Tales—"Deerslayer," "Last of the Mohicans," "The Pathfinder," and *perhaps*, "The Pilot" and "The Spy" —are the only ones sufficiently glamorous to make the modern young reader overlook verbiage, long pages of description, unnecessary detail for the sake of the story within.

Cooper, for my childhood in New England, took the place of today's Boy Scout activities. Through him we learned woods-lore, tracking, courage, endurance —all in living and re-living the tales that we read voraciously in our long winter evenings before the "sitting-room" fire, while apples baked on strings hung from the mantelpiece till juicy drops sizzled on the hearth stones.

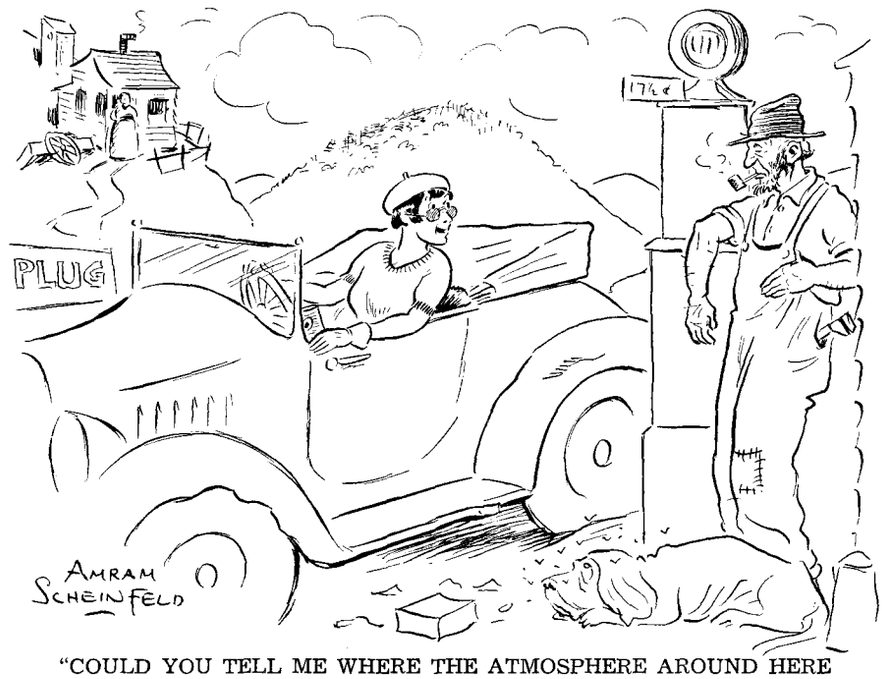
Our "Complete Works" was most uninviting, judged by today's standards, but my brothers, my sisters and I read and re-read the Leather-stocking tales till they were worn to shreds. Leatherstocking, Uncas, Long Tom Coffin! Who once loving them can ever forget? Moccasins and snow shoes brought to us from Canada by our parents, helped in our games of "Pioneers and Settlers."

Give your young people Cooper, but let them read him when they are young and uncritical. We began at ten or thereabouts. Now Cooper is required High School reading, and my heart aches for the bored youths and maidens who come into this public library to ask "Which of Cooper's books is the shortest?" A spark of interest may be kindled even at that age, if one can point out that the "beautiful females" who burst into tears at frequent intervals were, after all, our pioneer mothers, as brave as their men-folk and capable of marvelous endurance.

"Drums along the Mohawk" brings that home.

MARIAN P. GREENE.

Alhambra Public Library,
Alhambra, Cal.



"COULD YOU TELL ME WHERE THE ATMOSPHERE AROUND HERE IS THE MOST DEGENERATE?"

Pixillated

SIR:—I note that in Mr. Robert Strunsky's review of R. M. Arundel's "Everybody's Pixillated" in the June 26th issue of the *SRL* he refers to the word *pixillated* as a coinage of the movies, having its first public appearance in the picture "Mr. Deeds Goes to Town."

Mr. Strunsky is wrong, I feel sure. The words *pixy-led* and *pixilate* have both existed in English dialects for many years, with the meaning "led astray by pixies" or "under the influence of pixies." Reference: "English Dialect Dictionary," edited by Joseph Wright. The words also appear in early American dialect with a similar meaning, certainly in the vocabulary of the early inhabitants of Marblehead, Massachusetts, and probably generally. Reference: "History and Traditions of Marblehead," Samuel Roads.

RUSSELL B. NYE.

Madison, Wis.

Marlen E. Pew

SIR:—A book is now in preparation on the life of the late Marlen E. Pew, for many years one of the leading editors and critics of the press in the United States. The volume will be ready for publication in the early Fall.

The biography is being prepared by Dr. DeForest O'Dell of New York City. He is being assisted by members of Mr. Pew's family.

Letters and papers dealing with Mr. Pew's life may be sent to Dr. O'Dell in care of Editor and Publisher, 1700 Times Building, New York City. All letters and papers will be returned to the owners.

SUSAN PEW CLOUGH.

Wading River, N. Y.

Brann the Iconoclast

SIR:—I am engaged in writing the biography of William Cowper Brann, that journalist and author who put Waco, Texas, on the map in the '90's with his magazine, *Brann's Iconoclast*. Perhaps some of your readers have possession of or know of those who possess letters by Brann. I should appreciate any communication regarding such letters and promise to return in good condition any letters which anyone might be willing to lend me. The '90's are not so long ago but that some readers may have had personal contacts with Brann and may have anecdotes to tell of him. I should appreciate particularly information regarding his early life, before he came to Texas.

JOHN RANDOLPH.

141 Falls Ave.,
Waterloo, Iowa.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Between Two Fires

COLLECTIVISM, A FALSE UTOPIA. By William Henry Chamberlin. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1937. $2.

ANARCHY OR HIERARCHY. By S. de Madariaga. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1937. $2.50.

Reviewed by JOHN C. DEWILDE

MR. CHAMBERLIN and Señor de Madariaga are kindred spirits. Both refuse to accept fascism and communism as the only possible alternatives confronting the present-day world. De Madariaga belongs to that large number of Spaniards who have little sympathy for either side in the current civil war and can share his melancholy observation that "the true sense of mental and general liberty is absent from both, so that, now as in the sixteenth century, men of the Erasmian type can but look on and wonder into which of the two abysses their own sweet liberty is to be precipitated." Mr. Chamberlin has resided in the Soviet Union and Germany, and rejects all "totalitarian" state philosophies on the basis of his own experience. His book complements admirably the study by de Madariaga. While the former concentrates on "debunking" collectivism, the latter seeks primarily to show how public life can be reformed without sacrificing liberty and democracy.

In his indictment of collectivism Mr. Chamberlin finds little justification for distinguishing between fascism and communism. While the two may be at opposite poles in theory, he believes they are largely identical in practice. Their methods certainly have much in common: "Killings of political opponents, wholesale consignment of 'counter-revolutionaries' to concentration camps, extension of the number of offenses for which the death penalty is inflicted, punishment of individuals for the offenses of relatives and friends, complete repression of freedom of press, speech and assembly, regimentation of art and culture to serve the purposes of the ruling party: what item in this list is not just as characteristic of the Soviet Union as of Germany and Italy?" All three regimes show a similar tendency to sacrifice the immediate comfort and welfare of the people either to military ambitions or to grandiose schemes of economic reconstruction which are supposed to benefit future generations. Although the Soviet Union has actually socialized the means of production, the fascist states have had a similar aim in regimenting and directing economic activity. In Mr. Chamberlin's opinion, neither system has really enhanced the material well-being of the people.

Mr. Chamberlin believes that the accomplishments of democracy can stand comparison with those of dictatorships. He pours scorn on those intellectuals who are "ready to sacrifice liberty lightly on the altar of some doctrinaire blueprint of the perfect state, drawn up in accordance with fascist or communist specifications." Yet he does not ignore the weaknesses of democracy. His suggestions for improving it, however, lack the philosophical depth and wisdom of those advanced by de Madariaga.

"Anarchy or Hierarchy" is a book that merits wide reading. Although a devotee of liberty, the author frankly analyzes the defects of liberal democracy as it is practised today.

> Liberty understood as an absolutely individualistic right and extended to many individuals incapable of administering it, or indifferent to the duties which it implies; equality, felt as a leveling agent, inimical by instinct to all hierarchy, to all specialization, to all competence, and even to all natural difference; democracy, transformed from the ideal and normative plane of aims to the immediate and empirical plane of methods; capitalism, left free to roam in search of its prey and allowed to fall back on the State for help when its chase has proved too dangerous; labour, convinced that in it resides the productive power of the nation and resentful of the other classes as despoilers of its own property—

Flinn

SALVADOR DE MADARIAGA

all these forces are gnawing at the vitals of democratic institutions.

Señor de Madariaga believes in an hierarchical, organic democracy. Such a democracy would naturally consist of three classes. The lowest would be "the people" who possess little individual responsibility and who should not have rights of "active citizenship" because they easily fall prey to demagogues and may thus bring about the suppression of that liberty which the democratic state must preserve. The second class would be constituted by the bourgeoisie who are the active political participants in state life and the intelligent technicians of democracy. And the aristocracy would form the highest group, the class of talented leaders and statesmen.

No one would quarrel with the thesis that only the politically conscious and intelligent elements should exercise political rights, or that an "aristocracy of talent" should be the real rulers. The difficulty lies in applying these principles. Señor de Madariaga does not contend that the actual class divisions correspond to the "natural" categories he suggests, although he believes that such is practically the case in Great Britain. He offers no criterion for the selection of the body of "active citizens" who will have the right to participate in political life. And with respect to the aristocracy, de Madariaga writes: "No one appoints, elects or chooses the aristocrat. He knows himself to be one because he hears himself called to his high and arduous endeavour by an internal voice—his vocation." Certainly the leaders of fascist Italy and Germany, and of communist Russia have also heard this "internal voice"! Señor de Madariaga ably distinguishes between "numerical" and "organic" democracy, between anarchic and true liberty, but he is no more successful than his many predecessors in devising the instruments and machinery to translate the ideal into reality.

John C. deWilde is on the staff of the Foreign Policy Association.

Belated Justice to an Unknown Patriot

OLIVER POLLOCK: THE LIFE AND TIMES OF AN UNKNOWN PATRIOT. By James Alton James. New York: D. Appleton-Century Co. 1937. $4.

Reviewed by ALLAN NEVINS

THE word unknown is correct; who ever heard of Oliver Pollock? Yet Dr. James's biography is an important new ray of light on the early history of the Old Northwest and Southwest, and on the American Revolution. Indeed, it is the weightiest addition to our knowledge of the role of the West in the Revolution since the publication of Alvord's "Mississippi Valley in British Politics" and Dr. James's own exhaustive life of George Rogers Clark.

Pollock, a Scotch-Irishman who had migrated to Pennsylvania in 1760 at the age of twenty-three, is memorable as one of the hitherto-obscure cast who aided that footlight hero George Rogers Clark in the conquest of the West. One by one the chief figures of the group have been made known—Col. Francis Vigo, Indian trader in the Illinois villages; Captain James Willing, leader of a bold raid down the Mississppi to lay waste British plantations. But Pollock now emerges as the greatest of them all. The outbreak of the Revolution found him in New Orleans, a

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

highly successful merchant, trader, and planter, the representative of the great Philadelphia firm of Willing & Morris, and on intimate terms with Spanish officials, who granted him contracts and entrusted him with funds for investment. Worth at least $100,000, commanding credit to a quarter of a million, he was easily foremost among the New Orleans traders. In 1776 he resolved to support the Revolution by personal aid and by winning assistance from the Spanish Government. Dr. James cannot explain his motives, but the Quebec Act must have played a part in them. His aid proved of far-reaching importance. He communicated with Congress; obtained gunpowder from the Spaniards; shipped supplies upstream to Pittsburgh; by sending goods enabled American agents to cope with the British for control of the Northwestern tribes; and in 1778 gave Clark indispensable support. Neither Clark nor Gov. Patrick Henry had spared much thought for the supplying of their hastily-organized expedition. When Clark's ready money was exhausted he relied chiefly on drafts upon the willing Pollock. In the vital six months of 1778 which brought Vincennes, Kaskaskia, and Cahokia under American control, Pollock furnished Clark $18,000 in credit. To hold the country thereafter he furnished far more. And when the British counter-attacked from Detroit, "Pollock was the magic word" which held the French habitants in line.

The common fault of such books as this is that they exaggerate the services of the hero. Mr. James's monograph is not open to this charge; he tells an unvarnished tale, fully documented, and conservative in statement. Thus soberly told, it is all the more impressive. A somewhat digressive chapter discusses the old question whether the British in the Treaty of 1783 gave the United States the Northwest because Clark had conquered a corner (none too firmly held) of it, or because British statesmen were generous. Alvord and Solon J. Buck have leaned to the view that Clark's expedition had but slight and indirect influence on the peace treaty; Dr. james offers some new evidence for believing the influence was large and direct. Later chapters describe Pollock's harrowing financial difficulties after the war, and the tardy and incomplete payment of his claims by the Federal Government and the State of Virginia. He suffered the ingratitude that the young republic meted out to many of its early financial helpers. But this scholarly and interesting volume at last does justice to "a patriot," as Dr. James says, "whose eagerness to serve and willingness to suffer . . . for his country have not been surpassed in our history."

It may be added that an appendix, based upon Pollock's accounts in New Orleans, offers indisputable evidence that our dollar mark evolved from the abbreviation for pesos; the two letters Ps, with the 's' superimposed upon the P, gradually becoming the sign '$.'

Making a Hero

LORD BOTHWELL AND MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS. By Robert Gore-Browne. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Company. 1937. $4.

Reviewed by CHARLES DAVID ABBOTT

HISTORIANS are seldom unanimous in their verdicts. They are particularly apt to disagree in their judgments of individuals: one man's hero is another man's scoundrel. But they have been pretty consistently of one mind in their attitude towards James Hepburn, fourth Earl of Bothwell. During the three and a half centuries which have passed since his death, he has figured in their pages as the lowest of traitors, a blackguard with a reputation so unsavory that epithets nasty enough to do him justice were impossible to find. At long last, however, he has in Mr. Gore-Browne an apologist and a defender who is suspicious of so much unanimity and who has been bold enough to work his way through all the clouds of vilification down to the solid earth of the facts as contemporary sources display them.

The obvious flaw in the historians' Bothwell is that he is too bad to be true. Not nature, but man's imagination alone, could produce such a monster. For his creation Mr. Gore-Browne very acutely finds a reason: "the urge," he says, "which forces historians alternatively to blacken or to glorify the memory of the Queen of Scots, has embittered their judgment of her third husband. Since he shared her downfall, a chorus of reprobation suits both camps. The enemies of the Queen hope to blast her reputation by linking her with the villain of a Hollywood melodrama, while Mariolaters are glad to find a scapegoat." And so was born the legend of the nefarious Earl, the legend which Mr. Gore-Browne undertakes to dissipate in this book. He brings to the test of reason all the contradictory evidence which files of state documents, letters, and memoirs yield; with rigorous justice he sifts the true from the false, and reinterprets the provable facts to present a Bothwell who, if no saint, is at least a credible human being.

Loyalty was his besetting virtue. In an age when success waited upon the Machiavellian policies of Elizabeth and Cecil and Maitland, he possessed no understanding of their slippery and treacherous statecraft, but adhered to the principles of outworn feudal chivalry. A man of action, brave, blunt, hasty, and somewhat stupid, he was a tragic pawn in the great game which Elizabeth's ministers were playing against Spain and France. Their craft and subtlety were too much for his plain, headlong ingenuousness. Mary, to whom he was consistently, though often clumsily and tactlessly, loyal, was potentially England's greatest danger, and her downfall was essential to English policy. Unwittingly he played directly into the hands of her enemies. His stiff honesty, his forthright vigor, were untimely gifts. They paved the way for Mary's destruction. His marriage to her which, insensitive to political currents, he saw as a move necessary to her and his own safety,

Vandamm Studio

A MODERN INTERPRETATION OF MARY STUART AND BOTHWELL
Helen Hayes and Philip Merivale in "Mary of Scotland" by Maxwell Anderson (Courtesy of the Theatre Guild).

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sealed both their dooms. After that there was no possible end but the axe of Fotheringay and the dungeon at Dragsholm.

In sympathetic hands such as Mr. Gore-Browne's, Bothwell loses the disfiguring taints which have so relentlessly pursued his memory, and acquires a kind of nobility. Lawless, obtuse, dangerously proud and obstinate as he was, he still commands the respect due a hero—a misguided hero, even to his defender, but one whose sins have not deserved the opprobrium meted out to them. To cleanse him from the dirt of his legend is the book's prime purpose, but to fulfill that purpose its author has had to write a complete history of Mary and her court. And this he has done with such imaginative insight and such skillful narrative ingenuity, with such rightness of phrase and flavor of wit, that the result is a book to renew an appetite for Marian history even among readers whose digestions have rebelled against the spate of biographies of the Scottish Queen which the last thirty years have seen.

Murder in the Fourth Dimension

TO WALK THE NIGHT. By William Sloane. New York: Farrar and Rinehart. 1937. $2.50.

Reviewed by N. L. ROTHMAN

THIS is a really superior mystery story that has moved out of the Criminal Record and claims attention as a novel. Readers of Miss Dorothy Sayers know how fine such a story can be. This one is an especially remote variation from type, for there is no detective in it but only an absorbing and impenetrable problem, a group of finely developed characters, and a terrifying solution that fights its way up to the surface and makes you believe in it. Even the sketchiest mention of plot would be treachery, but it can do no harm to suggest that if Mr. Sloane had been content to write his story as a straight thriller he might easily have called it "Murder in the Fourth Dimension." He has done a great deal better than that; his book is probably twice as thrilling as the easier one might have been because of the style and deliberation that have gone into it. It is true that Mr. Sloane permits his first person narrator to stop too often for such banalities as this: "I stopped speaking and began to sift the sand of my memory once again—." These interpolations make the story creak a little. Yet it keeps moving and building its tension and grasping at your imagination until the creaking vanishes out of hearing. "To Walk the Night" is the work of an interesting writer whose next book, whatever it may be, will be well worth reading.

Lonely Bluestocking

THIS SHINING WOMAN: MARY WOLLSTONECRAFT GODWIN, 1759-1797. By George R. Preedy. New York: D. Appleton-Century Co. 1937. $4.

Reviewed by ALEXANDER COWIE

"I HAVE long ceased to expect kindness or affection from any human creature." In these words, written two years before her death, Mary Wollstonecraft Godwin unwittingly called attention to the essential irony of her life. A champion of women's rights and the rule of reason, she was governed in her own life by imperious emotions. Most of all, her nature craved a happy domesticity. This was denied her in a childhood home harshly controlled by a drunken father and a domineering mother. Her many lonely, celibate years as governess, teacher, and writer brought her economic independence and fame but not solace for her sensitive spirit. First awakened to romantic love at the age of thirty, she set her affections on a man (Henry Fuseli) whose wife could not be reasoned into sharing her home and husband with an eccentric bluestocking. Finally Mary formed a precarious home with Captain Gilbert Imlay, father of her first child. She was ineffably happy, but she had given herself to Imlay "without pact or bargain," and when his fancy rode away, she had recourse only to impassioned pleas: rights she had none. Twice she attempted suicide. Later she lived with and (still later) married the extremely unromantic but kindly William Godwin; at least he could give her life some stability. She died at thirty-eight in giving birth to a daughter, who was Mary Godwin Shelley.

A new biography of Mary Wollstonecraft should do one (or all) of three things: present new facts, offer a reinterpretation of her character, or retail the story of her life so well that the book should stand as a work of art in its own right. George R. Preedy's "This Shining Woman" is wholly successful in none of these respects. The author makes no claim to having presented new materials; indeed he has apparently not examined all the old. Mr. Preedy performs a service in emphasizing the fact that Mary Wollstonecraft was often a difficult and perverse individual. Yet there is in his commentary an undercurrent of impatience, almost of censoriousness, which impairs the critical value of his work.

"This Shining Woman" is avowedly "the story of [Wollstonecraft's] life . . . not her opinions or time." As such it is an orderly and substantial summary of known facts plus a certain amount of conjecture. The author avers that his work is no "romantic biography," but he does not scruple to supply facts and even scenes where history leaves lacunæ. He believes that there is justification for

MARY WOLLSTONECRAFT GODWIN
From the portrait by John Opie.

giving problems their "most likely solution" in the interest of "a connected narrative." The point is doubtless debatable, but in this instance the author leaves the reader with the conviction that the tragic history of Mary Wollstonecraft needs no touching up by the methods of fiction. The style of the book is too often marred by cumbersome and repetitious expression. This is the more deplorable because there are many passages which prove the author capable of writing good prose. The book as a whole probably achieves something like what the author intended, but it is a fair question whether the aim was worth while.

Japan Meets America

THIS SOLID FLESH. By Bradford Smith. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1937. $2.50.

MR. SMITH'S novel of intermarriage between Japanese and American presents the usual array of conflicts: the cultures that cannot blend, as well as the sharper, internal schisms that torture each of the lovers. But more notable than the plot itself, which is thoroughly and soundly developed, is the perfection with which the Japanese characters of this story are made known to us. Here is a writer who can perform that miracle of understanding, letting us know the Japanese as they know themselves, from behind their own eyes. The portraits of Yuki, the daughter of a Samurai, and of her son Masao, whose American education bridges the gap between the old and the new Japan, are profoundly realized. Certainly Masao's view of American life will prove a healthy experience for anyone who, like this reader, too often forgets to look up and try to see it afresh. We may hope for a Japanese novelist who can give to his people as intuitive a perception of the American mind as is Mr. Smith's of the Japanese.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Bowling Green by Christopher Morley

The Folder

It Well May Be

WE, being lovers, find abundant share
Of beauty on this earth. We've caught our breath
In wonder, praise and thanks for many rare
And many common things. We fear not death,
We who have lived with beauty all our days.
It is by death that beauty is reborn
In all the myriad numbers of her ways
That change eternally from morn to morn.

For when we die, it very well may be
A blade of grass in spring will seem more green,
A drop of water in the sea more blue,
A breath of air we must have breathed more free.
So shall we be eternal on life's scene
Recurrent and as timeless as the dew.

F. P. F.

The Green, cleaning up for a vacation, asks permission to ventilate various matters that have piled up in the Folder. ☞Rod Maclean (Glendale, Calif.) asks us to include in our list of rivers with picturesque names the *Snoqualamie,* in Snohomish County, Wash. ☞Peter Greig (vintner) writes imploring us to state that "the wine best adapted to the American summer climate is *Tavel,* a Vin Rosé from the Rhone Valley. Walter Duranty and I had a bottle for lunch last Saturday at the ——, 375 Park Avenue." Peter's cunning in omitting the name of that famous café but giving the address, wins our heart. But after that he gets carnal and talks about breasts of Guinea Hen and a Tart of Artichoke Bottom. ☞The oldest library in New York State, the Society Library of N. Y. C., founded in 1754, moved last week to its new home. We know a landed proprietor down on the Chesapeake who will not borrow books from any other library. ☞Columbia University Press remarks that the earliest Rental Library in New York was started in 1763. ☞Replying to an inquiry what do Librarians read, Carl Milam of the A. L. A. was found in his room at the Waldorf (during the recent convention) poring over *An Iris Lover's Catalogue* from Schreiner's Iris Gardens, St. Paul, Minn. He told us that all the famous *Mitchell* variety of irises are named for Sydney B. Mitchell, director of the library school at the University of California. ☞Mr. Milam had on his table *Gardening,* by Montague Free, and *101 Ranch.* His room-mate Charley Rush of the Yale Library didn't have any books at all but was smoking his famous pipe shaped in a likeness of Napoleon. ☞Delighted to find our iconoclast friend Albert Mordell (in the Philadelphia *Evening Bulletin,* June 17) boldly escaping from the inundation of McGuffey publicity that has swamped the U. S. in recent years. There was one region, Mr. Mordell points out, where we never heard of McGuffey. Lewis B. Monroe, a Boston elocutionist, was the fellow who taught us Philadelphians to read, and Mordell has finally gathered a complete collection of the old Monroe Primers and Readers, which were universal in schools of Philly and neighborhood in the 80's and 90's. The Bowling Green paid tribute to the Monroe Primer 2 or 3 years ago, and we gladly echo Mr. Mordell's halloo. Up Monroe, and conspuez McGuffey—who was probably responsible for the rubber-plant flavor of much American writing in late 19th century.

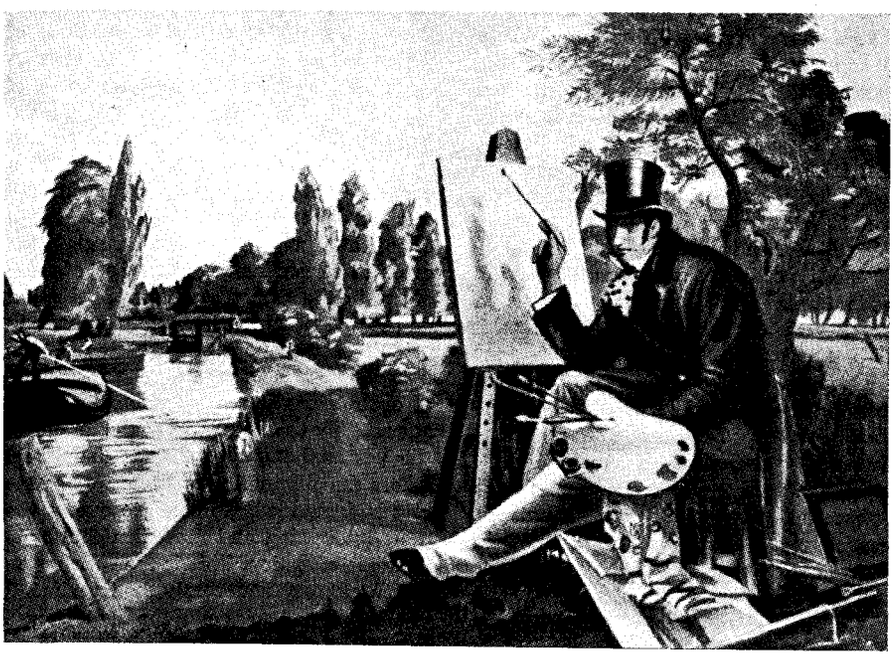
☞If I ever compile an anthology of *Letters That Don't Get Answered* (with an Appendix saying Why) here will be one of them. This is not only textual, but frequent, under the modern Project System of Trying to Get Other People to Do Your Work For You:—

"As a graduate student in the English Department of —— College I am interested in securing the personal viewpoints of American men of letters regarding Current Trends in American Literature. These expressions of opinion are to be included in an original essay which has been approved by Professor —— in fulfillment of the requirements of his course. Will you . . . ."

The exciting word here is *original.*

☞Hearty support should be given to the University of Pennsylvania Press (3622 Locust Street, Philadelphia) in its gallant Proposal to publish some hundred hitherto unprinted American plays, mostly of the 19th century. By the diligent efforts of Mr. Barrett H. Clark the MSS have been brought to light from public and private collections. They include unpublished dramas by John Howard Payne, Montgomery Bird, Boker, Boucicault, Daly, Steele MacKaye, Bartley Campbell, James A. Herne, Charles Hoyt, and many others. It is hoped to begin publication, about five plays in a volume, in 1938. The price is tentatively put at $4 a volume; it would greatly facilitate the plan if the publishers were to receive now assurances of subscription when as and if the volumes appear.

☞I asked whether the C. B. & Q. Railroad had ever noticed Willa Cather's charming poem that begins "How smoothly the trains run beyond the Missouri." Mr. A. Cotsworth, Jr., Passenger Traffic Manager, showed me that they have reprinted it in their advertising booklets and also occasionally on dining car menus. ☞The most unusual instance of a railroad getting steamed up about poetry was when the Official Guide of the Chicago and Alton Railroad, in 1873, reprinted large slabs of Browning's *Sordello.* Why, we can't imagine. For the curiosity of



IMAGINATIVE ADVERTISING: ENGLISH RAILWAY POSTER (L. N. E. R.) FOR THE CONSTABLE CENTENARY

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Browning collectors, a copy of this Chicago and Alton Guide, autographed by Browning to Leicester Warren (Lord de Tabley), was offered in Catalogue 60 of Wm. H. Robinson, 16 Pall Mall, London. ☞I say again, as I have often before, no one has the faintest idea how amusing is the world of print unless he devotes nights and days to the study of booksellers' catalogues—which tell more than most textbooks. If the C & A Railroad still has a copy of its 1873 Guide wish they'd let us study it for our eventual thesis on Railroads and Poetry.

☞Once in a while, in between heavy slabs of literary brick, you come upon something growing green and silver, with small feather plumes or star petals; not obvious but fiercely beautiful. When wise people tell you about such, if you are listening, you are grateful. At a meeting of Librarians I found Miss Helen Haines carrying a copy of *Poems* by C. F. MacIntyre (Macmillan; published last November). She spoke of it in a tone of voice that made me beg to borrow it. If reviewers said fine things of this little book, as they may have, I missed them. It is a collection of verse of clear astringence and distinction; it reminds me a little of John Crowe Ransom's work in its nimbleness of off-rhyme. It requires attention, and greatly rewards it. There is no way to thank anyone who does us the supreme service of discovering a true poet for us, except to pass the word on. ☞There must be someone at Macmillan's who is really keen about good verse (they published Ruth Pitter's *A Mad Lady Garland* too). I wonder who on earth it can be?

☞Mr. Reginald Townsend kindly let me look over the 25th anniversary report edited by him for the Class of 1912 at Princeton. I have seen no more interesting cross-section history of what is approximately my own generation. Princeton 1912 has a mailing list of 338, of whom 227 answered the questionnaire. In the matter of reading habits, 138 marked Biography and History as their favorite. Novels, 87; Detective Stories, 42; Poetry, 21. Nine men reported that they read no books at all. Twenty three said they read over 50 books a year.

Mr. Townsend writes:—

"The list of books mentioned as having made the greatest impression on us in recent years, covers a tremendous field. With the count being taken in this year of grace, it is perhaps not surprising that *Gone with the Wind* leads with 27 mentions. *Anthony Adverse* is next, mentioned 8 times. Heiser's *An American Doctor's Odyssey* and Carrel's *Man, the Unknown,* follow with 4 and 3 mentions, respectively. The authors mentioned in answer to the same question were: Shakespeare, Zweig, Phyllis Bentley, H. G. Wells, Kipling, Conrad, Kenneth Roberts, Santayana, Walter Lippmann, Ludwig Lewisohn, Freud, Adler, James Hilton, Carl Barth, Sinclair Lewis, Munthe, and Rider Haggard ('for relief')." ☞In answer to a question as to the most effective means of avoiding future wars, one member wrote: "By scrapping 99¾% of the history books and telling the truth about war." ☞The Green wishes its readers a well-earned rest.

English '37

(*Continued from page 8*)

implements an auto-analysis inconceivable in any other technique, since personal awareness and personal appraisal of the personal analysis are its highest value.

But an "I" is clearly ineffective when the novelist is dealing with the content of more minds than one or when he must be certain about the motives, thoughts, or emotions of any character other than the narrator. It is natural enough for a person to tell you what he thinks and feels, and hence a reader naturally accepts what a character says he thinks and feels. But when a person tells you what someone else thinks or feels he has no more certain knowledge than you yourself have, he can only guess at it by interpreting speech and expression and behavior. Consequently an "I" who undertakes to tell the reader what is going on in the mind of another character risks a disbelief that will destroy the illusion. So long as he presents it as a guess, be it however suave or intuitive a guess, he is within the illusion, but when he presents it as certainty he is outside the illusion and the effect is gone. Consequently, when the purposes of the novelist require any such certainty, he is constrained to use some method, some point of view, some substitute for the Chorus, other than an "I."

Furthermore, a personal narrator, an "I," must always be something of a Chorus or expositor. He is within the logic and belief of fiction, for he is himself engaged with events and affected by the emotions of the novel. Since that is true, there are many areas and occupations of fiction where the fact that he is also an agent in the second-hand presentation of experience does not matter in the least. But there are other areas and occupations in which the illusion of fiction demands a complete destruction of such an agency—demands the apparent elimination of all expository instruments which relay the event to the reader. Practically all of these occur in the direct rendition of thought and emotion, which is a unique function of fiction since no other art presents the behavior of imaginary characters in terms at once dramatic and psychological. And at precisely the point where the device of the personal narrator breaks down and where the elimination of expository agencies is demanded, we come to one of the most interesting and most intricate conventions of fiction. This is the convention which removes not merely the fourth wall of a room but a section of the human skull as well, and permits the reader to believe that he sees what is going on inside.

(*To be continued*)

Who Reads Religious Books?

(*Continued from page 4*)

(outlining the Sunday School lesson) does 200,000 each year and has been on the market for forty years. Archer Wallace's books for boys ("Overcoming Handicaps," "Stories of Grit," "Heroes of Peace," and the like) have touched 237,000 copies, of which 40,000 are in India, and this takes no account of the copies sold in translation in Japan, China, Korea, and West Africa, where the author turns over his royalties to missionary work.

"The Christ of the Indian Road," by E. Stanley Jones, has exceeded 300,000 in its sale. It is the record of a roving missionary in India who met on even terms and common sense the questions of the ancient East about Western Christianity. Four of Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick's books, "The Meaning of Faith," "The Meaning of Prayer," "The Meaning of Service," and "The Manhood of the Master," published while he was a relatively unknown professor in Union Theological Seminary, have enjoyed an aggregate sale of over 1,000,000 copies.

These sales, picked at random from a body of data on religious books, indicate what the depth of the pay streak is. They take no account of hymnals, Bibles, and prayer books—a business unto itself. Nor do they consider religious texts for college use, or the admirable work of dignified promotion carried on through the Religious Book Club. The Club has been in business since 1927. Its board of judges has included such men as Dr. Fosdick, Bishop Francis J. McConnell, Dr. Howard Chandler Robbins, and the late Dr. S. Parkes Cadman. Its selections have run to the scholarly type of book, designed for liberal clergymen—a fact which has limited membership to around the 3,000 mark even in pleasant times. Members are almost exclusively those of the profession.

In part, of course, the sale of religious books amounts to an exchange of sermons among preachers. Eugene Exman of Harpers engineered a monthly pulpit a few years back. A total of fifty volumes of sermons was supplied in regular servings before the demand subsided. But beyond such open fulfilment of preaching demands there is a body of books to which the preacher has given some thought and care in preparation. These may contain preaching material, but by and large they deal chiefly with the interpretation of religion for our day. They are written, like the general run of non-fiction, in coöperation with publishers—often at the suggestion of some enterprising editor who is alert to current needs. Often they are years in the making, a slow growth not to be rushed by the machine.

Typical of the best of men who produce the reflective type of book in religion is Gaius Glenn Atkins. At present he writes from the comparative peace of the campus

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

at Auburn Theological Seminary, but for thirty years he was a preacher in cities. His style is vigorous and stately, as you can see from a look into any of his works. He first attracted a general following among his brethren with "Modern Religious Cults and Movements," an analytical account of Christian Science, Mormonism, Spiritualism, and other unorthodox American faiths. His "Procession of the Gods" is a creditable book on comparative religions, written with intense sympathy and understanding and accepted both in England and here. "The Making of the Christian Mind" offers a popularly conceived but thorough story of the Christian Church and the factors that have gone into the development of present religious attitudes. A more pointed application of its idea is to be found in "Preaching and the Mind of Today." He is the author of a dozen other books, but his reputation rests comfortably upon those I have named.

To smoke a pipe with Atkins is to understand a good deal more about the mood of modern religion than can ever be put into a polite essay or made plain in the average casual conversation. Unprepossessing in appearance, gentle in manner, he lacks the garrulity of the cleric who believes salvation can be sold if the terms are right and the blasphemous familiarity with God that afflicts so many earnest clergymen who can talk of nothing but religion. Atkins's interests are catholic. He has preserved an inquiring mind and a fine sense of quiet astonishment. He understands, better than most bishops and all scoffers, that religion is not a thing in itself but only one expression of man's eternal effort to feel at home in the universe. He has an unmeasured gift for assimilation, a sort of inspired non-resistance in his thinking. The result is that his books are sentient—more alive than the man himself. They represent better than his sermons the substance of what he has thought and felt. In this respect they differ only in their vividness from the books of other preachers who have tried to communicate to their generation through the medium of the printed page what they believe.

The desire to publish, as you may imagine, runs strong among the clergy. Precarious ventures are met by signing up the author, if his stuff has any promise at all, to bear part of the cost of manufacture. This device, however, is a resort used only if the book is an item of some distinction, in one way or another. There are plenty of cases when the author has met such a proposal and seen his book develop a creditable sale. In the general run of the business, terms are the same as prevail in other types of publishing. Royalties are about the same. Advances on royalty are rare and they seldom range above $500.

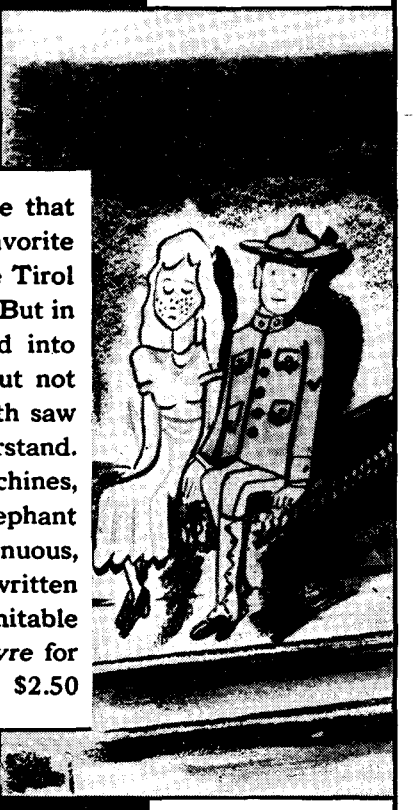
Enough has been cited to indicate what this piece has tried to say: without special fanfare and without regarding itself as a big business, the religious book world has gone quietly on, producing titles to meet peculiar needs, using the most vigorous methods of promotion, and demurely selling titles without end in figures and totals that any old-line, down-the-nose publisher would be pleased inexpressibly to have on his own ledger. It is amusing that occasionally the world of the flesh and the devil pays some scant attention to this field and cocks its ear curiously toward it.

The fact of first importance to those whose interest is cultural is that a not inconsiderable percentage of the books which go to make up the bulk of religious business are intelligent in plan and acceptably written. What is more, their intent is educational—there is little of fiction and less of entertainment. It is certainly not too much to guess that the wide circulation and attentive reading of these books has gone far toward influencing the reading habits and preparing the way for books of more general interest.

Charles W. Ferguson, associate editor of The Reader's Digest, *was formerly a religious book publisher. He is the author of "The Confusion of Tongues," a book on religious creeds in America, and "Fifty Million Brothers: Panorama of Lodges and Clubs."*

"Our most personal recommendation for summer reading,"
say The Doubleday-Doran Book Shops

"delicious!" "refreshing!" "amusing!" "revealing!" "naive!" "original!"



In 1914, Ludwig Bemelmans, unaware that he was one day to be one of our favorite authors and illustrators, left his native Tirol for America, prepared to fight Indians. But in 1917, "out of curiosity", he wandered into the American Army. He was in it, but not of it. This naive but imaginative youth saw much—most of which he didn't understand. His consequent tangling with butter-machines, widows from Scranton, maniacs and elephant cutlets he fortunately recorded. Ingenuous, charming, hilarious, the book he has written and illustrated with his wholly inimitable wash-drawings, becomes a *chef d'oeuvre* for literary gourmets. The Viking Press. $2.50

MY WAR WITH THE UNITED STATES
by Ludwig Bemelmans

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PIPE ALL HANDS

by H. M. Tomlinson

Frank Swinnerton says: "It will take its place immediately among classic tales of adventure at sea. An extraordinarily fine narrative which rises in moments of crisis to grandeur."

$2.50 • HARPERS

Over 100,000 copies sold in 8 weeks!

BREAD AND WINE

by Ignazio Silone

"Loving knowledge of the Italian people and a passionate love of freedom are here most happily blended."—*Thomas Mann.*
A Story Press Book.

$2.50 • HARPERS

THEY CAME LIKE SWALLOWS

by William Maxwell

This story of an American family "does not merely augur well for Mr. Maxwell's reputation. It gives him one."—*N. Y. Times.*
DUAL-BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH FOR MAY

$2.00 • HARPERS

THE THRILLING NEW Nero Wolfe MURDER MYSTERY

THE RED BOX

BY REX STOUT

"I recommend *The Red Box* and every other detective novel written by Rex Stout to all readers, male and female, young and old. I have never met any one or heard of any one who did not enjoy them."—*William Lyon Phelps*

$2.00 FARRAR & RINEHART

Compliments of the Season

JULY opens the fall season for the book trade, and marks the end of spring. This is a good time, if ever, to put together some impressions of the season which has just closed. What are the new reputations made by the spring of 1937? What of the established writers who published books during the last six months? Which of the books issued with high hopes clicked, and which were disappointments?

Undoubtedly the biggest single hit was registered by John Steinbeck, whose "Of Mice and Men" established his triple-threat reputation — best-seller, critical success, and collector's item. Steinbeck's fourth novel, "Of Mice and Men," has brought his career to a climax, sending readers off to discover his earlier novels.

Another novel which was a literary landmark in its author's career was "The Late George Apley," by John P. Marquand. An ironic study of Bostonian snobbery, this book got off to a good start with the reviewers. Its market, some thought, might have been preëmpted by Santayana's "The Last Puritan," of the preceding year; not so, however: "The Late George Apley," shorter and easier reading than "The Last Puritan," has stood high in popularity since January.

Two hits of the Spring with which few will quarrel are Esther Forbes's "Paradise" and Virginia Woolf's "The Years." The successful publication of these two books marks the progress and further recognition of two highly individual talents, but neither book is exactly a new departure for its author. Undoubtedly "The Years," which is the first novel definitely to have replaced "Gone with the Wind" at the head of the best-seller list, is the most distinguished of the season's importations from England.

Among translations, Ignazio Silone's "Bread and Wine," a story of Italy under fascism, and Erich Maria Remarque's "Three Comrades," lead the field. Lion Feuchtwanger's customary distinction in historical fiction is evident in "The Pretender." Trygve Gulbransson's "The Wind from the Mountains," a sequel to "Beyond Sing the Woods," was on the whole very well received. The All-Nations Prize Novel, "The Street of the Fishing Cat," by Jolán Földes, and "The Invaders," by Maxence van der Meersch, made less impression than might have been expected.

Reviewers generally agreed that the reputation Josephine Johnson won for "Now in November" marked time in her second novel, "Jordanstown"; likewise that of Gladys Hasty Carroll in "Neighbor to the Sky." Those who are looking for a successor to "The Constant Nymph" did not find it in Margaret Kennedy's "Together and Apart." Phil Stong's "Buckskin Breeches" was a commendable but not altogether successful attempt at historical fiction, and he has still to surpass the esteem, critical and popular, of his first published novel, "State Fair." H. G. Wells's "The Croquet Player" and "Star-Begotten" do not improve upon "The Time Machine" and "The War of the Worlds." And James Hilton's "We Are Not Alone" is not another "Lost Horizon" or even another "Mr. Chips." But Tomlinson is still Tomlinson in "Pipe All Hands." And Maugham his more familiar, if lesser, self in "Theatre."

Young American novelists with careers definitely on the rise include two Westerners: Paul Horgan, whose "Lamp on the Plains" succeeds (in every sense of the word) his "Fault of Angels" and "Main Line West"; and Myron Brinig, whose "The Sisters" has reached his largest audience to date. C. S. Forester is a novelist to watch, according to the reviews of his latest novel, "Beat to Quarters"; so are Michael Foster ("American Dream") and Archie Binns ("The Laurels Are Cut Down"). Caroline Gordon's Civil War novel, "None Shall Look Back," had the misfortune to follow the tail of a comet, and it has in any case been praised more as non-fiction than as fiction. Josephine Lawrence's "The Sound of Running Feet" is similar—too similar?—to her previous novels. Edward Anderson's "Thieves Like Us" was highly lauded in this magazine; on second thought, would our reviewer compare him to Hemingway and Faulkner?

There are some very promising discoveries. William Maxwell's second novel, "They Came Like Swallows," has perhaps been as much underpraised as Millen Brand's first novel, "The Outward Room," has been overpraised: but they both have something, beyond any possible doubt. Another real talent is revealed by Jerome Weidman in his realistic satire, "I Can Get It for You Wholesale." LeGrand Cannon's first novel, "A Mighty Fortress," has had a big hand, and so has Royce Brier's "Boy in Blue."

Among mystery stories, the season con-

All America's reading

OF MICE AND MEN

by John Steinbeck

COVICE · FRIEDE · $2.00

NATIONAL BEST SELLER

MATHEMATICS FOR THE MILLION BY LANCELOT HOGBEN

Profusely Illustrated • $3.75 • At All Bookstores

W·W·NORTON & COMPANY 70 · FIFTH AVE., N.Y.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tributed one of Rex Stout's best in "The Red Box"; one of Dorothy Sayers's worst in "Busman's Honeymoon"; an excellent posthumous collection by Chesterton; good standard brands from various writers. But the news in mysteries was gadgets, not authors. "Photocrimes," which told the stories in pictures, leaving the solution to the readers, was a very good idea and ought to have sold better. The second Crimefile ("File on Rufus Ray") was an improvement on the first, and established the MS-cum-facsimile-clue technique.

In non-fiction, there have been several hot shots. During a season that hardly let a day go by without another book on Russia and/or Germany, it is pleasant to record the success of "Middletown in Transition," by the Lynds, a report on conditions exclusively American. The spring saw a falling off in volumes by foreign correspondents, and a corresponding increase in material on the Supreme Court and the Constitution, among which Morris Ernst's "The Ultimate Power," published in January, and Burton J. Hendrick's "Bulwark of the Republic," in June, are particularly distinguished. "Why Was Lincoln Murdered?" by Otto Eisenschiml, made 1865 news in 1937, and would have made more news but for the author's scholarly caution in pulling his punches at the conclusion. "Mathematics for the Million" by Lancelot Hogben has been a surprise hit. The response to Philip Guedalla's "The Hundred Years" indicates that he is far from out of fashion—in fact, he was more than a fashion in the first place. Sequels, just sequels, include Yeats-Brown's "Lancer at Large" and Pitkin's "Careers After Forty." Let it be further recorded that Dale Carnegie's "How to Win Friends and Influence People" was published in January.

There were a lot of good biographies, and we list half a dozen which critics and readers have enjoyed: Ralph Roeder's "Catherine de' Medici," Bowen and Von Meck's "Beloved Friend," Holmes Alexander's "Aaron Burr," Daphne Du Maurier's "The Du Mauriers," Noel Coward's "Present Indicative," Odell Shepard's "Pedlar's Progress," Burton Rascoe's "Before I Forget," Mark Benney's "Angels in Undress," and Philip Horton's "Hart Crane." That makes nine, not counting Kipling's "Something of Myself," which we saved till last just to ask why there hasn't been a lot more shouting about it.

And why are so many fewer people reading Erich Maria Remarque's "Three Comrades" than read "All Quiet" and "The Road Back"? It's had every kind of critical hurrah, with an author's reputation that ought to have given it the biggest potential audience of the spring. Is it because pre-Hitler Germany is just now a dead spot? Not that the book hasn't had a big sale, as it unquestionably must have—but why wasn't the sale phenomenal? Why didn't "Three Comrades," instead of "The Years," go to the top of the heap?

The spring season is over, but many of its books will continue into the fall, and a few longer. Specific predictions of longevity are not in order. On the other hand, book review readers will probably hope that among the topics not to be continued in our next publishing season are Pushkin, Trotsky, and Edward VIII.

Attitudes to Art

TIDES IN ENGLISH TASTE (1619-1800). By B. Sprague Allen. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. 1937. *2 vols.* $8.

Reviewed by MEYRIC R. ROGERS

ACCORDING to the preface, this posthumously published work was written primarily to furnish the student of English literature with a non-technical and generalized description of the arts of design and of the attitudes of their practitioners and patrons during this specified period of English history. The recent appearance of other publications covering almost the same period in much the same way shows the general recognition of the need of such summaries not only as aids to the specialists in parallel fields but for the benefit of the intelligent layman newly conscious of the significance of society's attitude toward the arts as a cultural index.

The present work covers the subject in a thoroughly competent fashion. It is both scholarly and readable and offers painlessly an amazing amount of information drawn from literary sources which should be of particular interest to students of art history and esthetics. To cite a specific instance, the student of art has no monument to give him a clue to the continuity of interest in Gothic forms during this period. Yet Professor Allen cites definite literary evidence that an appreciation of the traditional art was never entirely lost among the educated classes in England even during the height of the Palladian mania. Such evidence is of course of considerable importance as demonstrating the continuity of tradition and the deep-rooted character of the romantic revival.

Although the author is evidently more at home in the literary field, his observations are frequently more revealing than those of most art historians. In his lengthy discussion of the development and literary repercussions of the "natural" garden of the late eighteenth century he calls attention to the fact that one of the chief determining factors in the change from the formal to the informal in landscape design was the decline of the vigor and influence of architecture "per se" and the increasing influence of the French and Italian schools of classic landscape. In others words, the taste of the times was becoming pictorial rather than architectural, a fundamental indication of the breakdown of true classic approach.

The essential literary-mindedness of the English artist and his patron during the entire period makes the work of correlation with contemporary literary expression a comparatively simple undertaking. This by no means reflects on the value of the present work but on the contrary marks it as offering a very clear example of what can be accomplished by this approach. One surmises that the task will be more difficult and the parallelisms probably less rewarding where the creative urge in the visual arts has been more independent of literary guidance and formula. New ventures of this sort are, however, much needed.

Mr. Rogers is director of the St. Louis Art Museum.

SELLING FASTER EVERY DAY!

The best selling novel in America

THE YEARS

by

VIRGINIA WOOLF

Now in its tenth week out in front! And by a greater margin than ever, according to the *N.Y. Herald Tribune's* "What America Is Reading" chart.

Seventh big printing, $2.50

HARCOURT, BRACE & COMPANY, NEW YORK

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Pioneer Banker

JAY COOKE, PRIVATE BANKER. By Henrietta M. Larson. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. $5.

Reviewed by ALLAN NEVINS

JAY COOKE'S long career takes on new significance when he is studied as a transitional type in the history of American investment banking. Before he plunged in 1869 into the promotion of the Northern Pacific, even the greatest bankers had been little but money-middlemen; they collected funds and furnished them for industrialists and entrepreneurs to employ. But Cooke, after helping to reorganize Pennsylvania transportation in the eighteen-fifties, and after his dazzling success as Civil War financier, essayed to be builder as well as banker, director as well as investor. Where such a firm as Fisk & Hatch had merely sold $80,000,000 worth of bonds for the Central Pacific, Cooke tried to throw a steel span from the Great Lakes to Puget Sound. He thereby became a pioneer in a momentous and worldwide transition in banking activity. Where he tried and failed, others tried and succeeded. The turn of the century found the Morgan interests moulding a great part of American business by reorganizing and directing railways, shipping, steel companies, electrical companies, farm-implement companies; no longer merely investing, but planning, rehabilitating, governing.

Miss Larson's admirably incisive study exhibits this transition in detail. It shows how the conditions were ripe in 1869 for the change. The government bond business, with two-fifths the American debt held in Europe, with American investors exchanging Federal for railroad securities, was fast declining; to go into railroad finance on a large scale meant initiation. Jay Cooke was content with nothing less than promoting the biggest single enterprise seen up to 1880 in the United States. The author shrewdly discloses the blend of strength and weakness in his equipment. During the Civil War he had been an indispensable prop of the government, his self-confidence, revivalistic fervor, and mastery of propagandist art enabling him to float loans where others failed. Buoyant, masterful, imaginative, hard-working, he had a keen eye for large-scale business strategy. But he lacked caution in detail, did not hedge his bold plays with sufficient foresight, failed to keep in his own hands the vital land-selling part of his scheme, and so fell into traps against which H. C. Fahnestock and others warned him. When the crisis came he lacked resourcefulness and decision to meet it, and his fall shook the republic. Yet he kept his stature even in ruin, and a grateful Northwest has raised memorials to him.

This thick volume, heavily documented, is the second of the Harvard Studies in Business History. Kenneth W. Porter's life of John Jacob Astor set a very high standard; Miss Larson's work measures up to it. Searching the Cooke Papers, the Northern Pacific archives, and many special collections, she has added a mass of detail and much significant new interpretation to the authorized biography by the late E. P. Oberholtzer. Students of Civil War and post-war politics will find much of interest, and not a little that is shocking. Between 1860 and 1873 politicians came to Cooke with itching hands. Needy Congressmen sought loans; James G. Blaine literally begged for favors; Ben Butler and W. E. Chandler were hired as attorneys; Jay Cooke and his brother Henry in the Grant period had the run of the White House. Yet Cooke, a religious man, meant to act for the social good and was perfectly honest according to his lights; he was a useful figure. The book is a valuable contribution to the study of that unjustly neglected field, American business history—a field that needs understanding instead of ignorant criticism.

Story of a Navajo

PEOPLE ON THE EARTH. By Edwin Corle. New York: Random House. 1937. $2.

Reviewed by OLIVER LA FARGE

IT is only in recent years that there has developed a literature of any importance handling the American Indian as a real human being. Mr. Corle's previous novels, "Mojave" and "Fig Tree John," were valuable additions to that literature. Except for the writings of J. J. Mathews and McNickle, Indians themselves, until now the novelists have avoided studying the young Indian in his direct conflict with the civilization of the present day. Yet it is this aspect of the subject which emerges from more or less sentimental, or at best historical portrayal of an exotic phenomenon into social documentation of a living part of the American scene.

One is glad to see as competent a writer as Mr. Corle turn in his present novel to this important side of the Indian picture. "People on the Earth" is a sensitive study of a modern, young Navajo equipped with an education and a number of ideas which disqualify him as an Indian without making him into a white man. The story of his struggles and wanderings, and of his eventual union with a girl in the same situation as himself, is lively and interesting, although at the end the study of character is blurred by rather improbable melodrama and emotionalism.

The background of primitive and educated Navajos, government schools, missionaries, and the white towns bordering the reservation is vividly presented. The whole makes a thoroughly readable novel.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 171)

EURIPIDES—
"IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS."

Oh, slay me not untimely. Sweet is light;
Constrain me not to see the nether gloom. . . .
Have mercy, have compassion on my youth!
Sweet, passing sweet, is light for men to see,
The grave's life nothingness! Who prays to die
Is mad.

On the Rebels' Side

SPAIN: A TRAGIC JOURNEY. By F. Theo Rogers. New York: The Macaulay Co. 1937. $2.50.

Reviewed by GILBERT CHASE

THIS is a book which will anger those who look upon General Franco as the arch-villain of the Spanish civil war, seeing in him the henchman of Hitler and Mussolini leading the forces of fascism against a bleeding democracy. For the author regards Franco as "a very real man, a patriot, an organizer, human, kindly but determined . . . leading a national struggle against anarchy."

The author believes that democracy in Spain was doomed long before Franco and his followers took up arms against the Madrid government. He holds that the nominally republican government was actually controlled by extremist elements who were secretly aiming at its overthrow. He agrees with Sir Francis Lindley that "Moscow agents for years have been preparing heavy civil war in Spain."

With regard to the general elections of 1936 that brought the Popular Front to power, he draws attention to an important fact that is too often overlooked, namely, that according to the total number of ballots cast, the parties of the Right and Center obtained a majority of fifteen per cent over those of the Left. But according to the prevailing system of proportional representation, the moderate groups were able to return only 217 deputies to the Cortes, while 256 were returned by the Popular Front.

From these facts the author draws the obvious conclusion that a majority of the Spanish people were not in favor of the extreme measures which the radical elements, interpreting this slender victory as a popular mandate, showed themselves eager to enforce. Furthermore, he asks, how can it be claimed, in view of the popular sentiment thus expressed, that the movement led by Franco is merely a military uprising without wide support among the people? All who want peace and order and the continuity of Spanish traditions, he maintains, are in favor of Franco.

Mr. Rogers is an American newspaperman who has known Spain and its people intimately for some forty years. The outbreak of the war found him in Barcelona, ready to enjoy another vacation in his beloved Spain. Instead he found himself plunged into the midst of a reign of terror wherein daily bloodshed and violence seemed to know no bounds. He remained in the country for five months, traveling extensively, both in government and in "rebel" territory. His book is a blend of personal experiences and of arguments in defense of Franco's cause, which he identifies with the salvation of Spain. Even those who disagree with Mr. Rogers must admit that "not alone is there sincerity in this book, there is the authority of one who knows Spain, its language and its spirit." And one can agree, too, with Col. Theodore Roosevelt, that the author is absolutely honest in his opinions." Though his partisanship is obvious, he is a soldier and a gentleman, and he does not deliberately distort facts to strengthen his case.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Clearing House

CONDUCTED BY AMY LOVEMAN

Inquiries, accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope, should be directed to Miss Loveman, in care of The Saturday Review.

A BALANCED RATION FOR A WEEK'S READING

THE THEORY OF THE LEISURE CLASS. By Thorstein Veblen. *Viking.*

MRS. DALLOWAY. By Virginia Woolf. *Harcourt, Brace.*

RENASCENCE. By Edna St. Vincent Millay. *Harpers.*

The Trojan War for Young Readers

Can you advise me (writes C. P. M. of New York City) *of any account of the Trojan War suitable for a juvenile reader —about the grade, say, of Kingsley's* GREEK HEROES *or Hawthorne's* TANGLEWOOD TALES?

YES, of a most delightful one, Padraic Colum's THE ADVENTURES OF ODYSSEUS AND THE TALE OF TROY OR THE CHILDREN'S HOMER (Macmillan). Mr. Colum writes with a poet's appreciation of his material and renders the great Homeric legends with spirit and beauty. He has simplified sufficiently and abbreviated enough to bring the tale within the compass of youthful interest while still retaining its dignity. There are several other versions to be had including the one on which my generation was brought up and which still holds rank among the favorites —THE ILIAD FOR BOYS AND GIRLS and THE ODYSSEY FOR BOYS AND GIRLS (Macmillan), by Alfred J. Church. These are retold from Homer and follow the original in the order of events.

The Far West

W. G. P. of Atlanta, Ga., *wants to know if there is any book that does for our Far West what Clara Laughlin's books do for European countries.*

ROUNDABOUT AMERICA (Harpers), by Anne Merriman Peck and Enid Johnson, and SEEING THE FAR WEST (Lippincott), by John T. Faris, may just fill the bill.

A European Tour

J. P. C. of Pasadena, Calif., *with her husband and her two daughters, aged fourteen and nineteen, are to make a summer's trip through France with a short time in Switzerland and Italy. Their packing space is limited and they want some book or books which would cover much and suit them all. Their itinerary includes Brittany, Chartres, Amiens, and Rheims, as the elder daughter is studying the history of art, Paris, Tours, Biarritz, Carcassonne, the Riviera, Switzerland, and a dash through Italy.*

It's amazing how few books there are to be found (outside the regular guides) which cover in brief so wide a scope. But one work, and that not only for the sake of the older daughter, ought to go with them despite the fact that its locale is restricted. That is Henry Adams's great study, MONT SAINT MICHEL AND CHARTRES (Houghton Mifflin), a book which will illuminate the scene for them as nothing else can. For general description of the countries through which they pass there are such works as Mrs. Ange Mosher's THE SPELL OF BRITTANY, Clara S. Laughlin's SO YOU'RE GOING TO FRANCE (Houghton Mifflin), which covers precisely the terrain of J. P. C.'s projected trip, Frank Schoonmaker's COME WITH ME THROUGH FRANCE (McBride), J. F. Muirhead's A WAYFARER IN SWITZERLAND (Houghton Mifflin), and Herbert W. Allen's ITALY FROM END TO END (Dodd, Mead), this last a book that is vivacious and fresh, and excellent for the traveler in a hurry.

Scottish Novelists

M. P. C. of Sheffield, Ala., *wants the names of some modern Scottish novelists.*

One of the most famous of them has gone since she has addressed her letter to me, and not only Scotland but the world is the poorer for the passing of Barrie. Cunninghame Graham (Doubleday, Doran), too, is dead, and Kenneth Grahame (Dodd, Mead), who, though he lived so much of his life in England, was born in Scotland. This list almost takes on the form of a necrology, for Lewis Grassic Gibbon (Doubleday, Doran), too, is dead. Of the living perhaps the most interesting writers at present are Neil Gunn (Lippincott), L. A. G. Strong (Knopf), and Naomi Mitchison (Harcourt, Brace).

History for a Boy of Thirteen

L. W. W. of Raleigh, N. C., *writes: "I shall be grateful if you will help me find a book for a boy who is approaching his eighth grade and his thirteenth birthday. He asks for an interesting history book, preferably not American history. He has read Van Loon's* HISTORY OF MANKIND."

If, after having read Van Loon, he wants to fill in in greater detail the chronicle of world events he might find very much to his taste Geoffrey Parsons's THE STREAM OF HISTORY (Scribners), an orderly, smoothly flowing, and highly readable narrative of the development of civilization from early times to the present. If he would, however, better enjoy confining his reading to a more definite period he would no doubt find absorbing any of the series by Marjorie and C. H. B. Quennell in which Volumes I and II of EVERYDAY THINGS IN ENGLAND (Scribners), for instance, covers the feudal period. These books, and all in the series, are packed full of delightful illustrations and are replete with the small details and the paraphernalia of living in medieval times which most boys revel in. If, by chance, this boy, however, prefers biography to history, Captain Liddell Hart's THE MAN BEHIND THE LEGEND (Dodd, Mead), a version which the young would enjoy, of the career of Lawrence of Arabia might be the very thing for him.

an impressive novel

WHITE MULE

by

WILLIAM CARLOS WILLIAMS

"From a number of angles 'White Mule' is literary news. It is a powerful and resonant novel."—*N. L. Rothman, The Saturday Review.*

"The action evokes so many of the sights and sounds of life that we are stirred at every point by remembrance."—*Alfred Kazin, The New York Times Book Review.*

$2.50

published by

New Directions

NORFOLK, CONN.

and a book of brilliant poetry

Poems 1929-1936

by

DUDLEY FITTS

"One of the few American masters of modern verse forms."—*Archibald MacLeish.*

$2.00

Readers of Fletcher Pratt's interesting article in last week's *Saturday Review* will doubtless wish to read

PULPWOOD EDITOR

By

Harold Brainerd Hersey

"Hersey knows the game from top to bottom, wrong side out and backward. . . . A complete and readable book on a neglected phase of the literary life of our times."

—*Herschel Brickell*

"A wealth of new and horribly fascinating material."

—*Sterling North*

$3.00 at your bookseller's or from

F. A. STOKES COMPANY

443 Fourth Avenue, New York

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Poet's Workshop

THE NOTE-BOOKS AND PAPERS OF GERARD MANLEY HOPKINS. Edited by Humphry House. New York: Oxford University Press. 1937. $8.50.

Reviewed by ARNOLD WHITRIDGE

THIS is emphatically a book for the initiated. The casual reader of Hopkins who is puzzled by the strange technique and yet attracted by the ardor and freshness of the language will probably be disappointed by the miscellany here set before us. Not a little of Hopkins's fascination lies in his willingness to accept the mental and spiritual harness of the Jesuits and his unwillingness to accept the much lighter harness of traditional poetic form. He reserves the right to make his own laws in poetry, whereas in matters of conduct and belief, where most men clamor for freedom, he joyfully surrenders to the exacting discipline of the Society of Jesus.

This volume does little to explain the paradox of the restless inquiring mind that yet found freedom in the Jesuit Order, but those who are devoted to the Hopkins cult will find it none the less interesting. The most important item rescued by Mr. House is a journal covering the years 1868-1875, a period of Hopkins's life of which we have hitherto known very little. Among other things the miscellany includes some juvenile poems, a Platonic dialogue on the origin of Beauty, lecture notes on the technique of poetry, sermons, and a long commentary on the Spiritual Exercises of St. Ignatius Loyola. Mr. House had originally intended to use these papers as material for biography but it soon became clear that the necessary preliminary to any critical work had to be an edition of the notebooks. Now that the ground has been cleared by this scholarly edition we can look forward to the critical estimate of Hopkins which Mr. House has refrained from attempting in this volume. Certainly he is the man to write the definitive life.

The journal, though it contains no hint of the mountains of the mind, "frightful sheer, no man fathomed," which are so essential a part of Hopkins's poetry, and though the word poetry is hardly mentioned in it at all, could not have been written by any one but a poet. No one since Wordsworth has loved the "mighty world of eye and ear" more passionately than Hopkins, and no one, not even Wordsworth himself, has observed "byways beauty" with more scrupulous accuracy. Any one interested in seeing the raw material out of which poetry comes transmuted into gold has only to turn to the journal and with it read the poem "Inversnaid," one of the loveliest and simplest poems that Hopkins ever wrote. That is the fun of this volume. Read by itself it is disjointed and uneven, but read side by side with the poetry it is more enlightening than the most sympathetic critic. Even the sermons, a form of literature in which Hopkins is not seen at his best, contain flashes that illuminate the poems.

Most of his juvenile poetry Hopkins deliberately destroyed but the extracts from the early diaries include a few poems written in 1864 and 1865. These are not immature poems but they might have been written by other men, Arnold or Coventry Patmore, and the fact that Hopkins disavowed them shows that he was aware they were not stamped with his own genius. After reading the early poems, the lecture notes, and the sermons, we come back again to the journal. The charm of it is not easy to analyze. There is no shrewd comment on the giants of the day, no biting satire, no criticism of life—only an extraordinarily vivid perception of the variegated beauty of the universe. Among all the English poets who have loved Nature there has been no more accurate observer than Father Hopkins and no one more resourceful in recording his observations. Any one who has made the effort to bring his mind alongside of Hopkins will enjoy exploring the workshop where the poetry was fashioned.

Arnold Whitridge is a professor in the history, arts, and letters department of Yale University.

In Love with Books

MR. PIRATE: A Romance. By A. B. Schiffrin. New York: Mitchell Kennerley. 1937. $1.75.

Reviewed by ILAH NIEHOFF

THIS slight but pleasant book which brings Mitchell Kennerley back into the publishing field is sub-titled "A Romance," and the first few pages put us in a hopeful and expectant mood. The hero's emotions and our own interest are stirred by the description of a brief but tantalizing glimpse of his wife, Mary, disappearing in a crowded street. We are pleasantly conscious of the author's smooth, intuitive style, reminiscent of Robert Nathan, but compounded of his ability to turn a phrase quietly and effectively and his awareness of the subtle overtones in human relations that make life more colorful and exciting. But Mary, who promised to be rather a delicious creature, is soon dismissed as a faithless and errant wife; Mr. Pirate's real romance is with the books in his small but well-stocked second hand bookshop.

This shift of interest from the alluring Mary to books and a bookshop proves to be a serious let-down, and thereafter the story becomes a bit mechanical and forced. This is not to belittle the romantic feelings a man may have for books; the joy he may feel as he exults in his secret knowledge of the emotions and excitement pent up within the books upon his shelves is a fine thing. But such feelings may not be mouthed or dissected too casually without suspicion of sentimentality. Mr. Schiffrin may escape this damning charge, but the romance between the hero and his books never quite comes true.

We regret this failure to sustain a good beginning. There are many who should be sympathetic to the quiet and humorous book lover, and had style and story been maintained we might have had a novel to entertain and charm us. Let us use the publisher's amusing flash, "People are reading it who never read it before," to express a hope that we may have an opportunity to read something of Mr. Schiffrin's again.

Early Chinese Culture

THE BIRTH OF CHINA. A Study of the Formative Period of Chinese Civilization. By Herrlee Glessner Creel. New York: Reynal & Hitchcock. (A John Day Book.) 1937. $3.75.

Reviewed by KENNETH S. LATOURETTE

ARCHEOLOGY, as we use that term in the Occident, has been late in beginning in China. Only recently have methods been employed comparable with those which have opened to us fresh chapters of the past in Mesopotamia, Palestine, Syria, Egypt, and Greece. For our knowledge of the beginnings of China we have had to depend, as we did for the history of Mesopotamia and the Mediterranean world until two or three generations ago, upon books which have long been common property and upon objects gathered unsystematically by lovers of antiquity. That is now rapidly being changed. Within the past twenty years the scholarly world has been thrilled by excavations which disclose paleolithic and neolithic man, and by the Peking man.

Some of the most startling of all the discoveries are those which throw fresh light upon the Shang. The Shang is the second of the traditional dynasties of China and the commonly accepted dates place it in the second millennium before Christ. For a good many years oracle bones, many of them inscribed, have been coming to light from the remains of its ancient capital in the modern Anyang in the Province of Honan. To these have latterly been added bronzes. Still more recently Chinese archeologists using modern methods have been excavating on the site. These finds are being collated with what has heretofore been known about the Shang. As a result, to our eager and astonished eyes is being opened a new world. In the Shang we see bronzes displaying a high artistic sense and a skill in casting which has never been surpassed. We have written characters which are so finished that they seem to presuppose a long preceding period of development. We discover evidences of an ordered officialdom and of a society with marked distinctions between wealth and poverty. Shang society may have been cruel. Certainly headless skeletons indicate slaughter of retainers at the burial of their lord. It was a religious age, with extensive sacrifices —of animals and men—and with constant efforts by means of oracles to determine the will of the unseen spirits.

It is this early Chinese culture which Dr. Creel has here presented to us. He is one of the most brilliant and hard-working of the extraordinary group of able young Americans who are devoting their lives to sinology. He is, also, eminently qualified for this particular task. Here, in a volume meant for the general public, he has brought forth the new information and has fitted it into the fabric of what has long been known.

Dr. Creel writes well, and he has illuminated his text with numerous figures and illustrations. The present work will prove fascinating to both layman and specialist. Nowhere else in a Western language is so much of the recently acquired knowledge of the Shang to be found between the covers of one book.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The New Books

Biography

MY WAR WITH THE UNITED STATES. By Ludwig Bemelmans. Viking. 1937. $2.50.

Mr. Bemelmans came to this country in 1914, and served in the United States Army during the War. He kept a German diary from which this short book has now been translated, presumably by himself. Except for the use of the present tense, however, it is not in diary form. It gives a selective account of his experiences as a bewildered but aggressively curious foreigner in the service of a nation whose ways he found utterly strange.

First stationed with a hospital unit at Fort Ontario, Mr. Bemelmans made himself unpopular until he had learned to accept the difference between the German soldier's sense of discipline, to which he had been accustomed, and the American's good-natured contempt for all authority. When he tried to enforce his own authority as Wardmaster with a Colt forty-five he was arrested and called up before the amused Colonel, who pointed out that "the basic function of a Hospital, Private Bemelmans, is to cure men, not to shoot them." The next transgression was contrariwise: he narrowly missed being put on the carpet again for handing the same Colt to two prisoners he was supposed to be guarding, in order to give them proof of his friendship. Having unlimited curiosity and a strong stomach for unpleasant jobs, he became a volunteer attendant at the Hospital for the Insane that was being organized at Fort Porter. The contagion of insanity, as a result of which a good proportion of the attendants ended by being patients themselves, cast its shadow over him, but he soon learned to take refuge from the threat of madness in pleasant memories of the high Tyrolean villages in which he had passed his boyhood, memories of which the reader has the benefit in two nostalgic chapters.

Mr. Bemelmans writes in a sketchy style that successfully avoids giving away too many of the essential facts. An ampler treatment might have shed light on incidents that in the present economical rendering often seems pointless. Many of the personal actions related, as it is, appear entirely devoid of motives. Even so, the fact would remain that he evidently has little or nothing to say. His comments on the life around him are all more in the nature of sentiments than insights—if one excepts such platitudes as the contrast between German and American military discipline. His characterizations of the men and women he was thrown with do not often progress beyond statements of who was nice and who wasn't, with occasional addenda of physical peculiarities. And he leaves the reader's curiosity regarding himself largely unsatisfied.

No doubt the fact that this is a diary in a language foreign to the author must excuse the consistently bad writing. The publishers consider it "a special gem of eccentric literature"; that may be why they left such statements as "left and right of the door are two cement lines" uncorrected, for fear of spoiling the bloom. The author's pencil and wash drawings at the chapter-heads are delightful and help relieve the text. The best sentence is: "Mississippi is filled with colored people and so is the patient I am taking there." If only there were more like it!

L. J. H., Jr.

Fiction

MARA. By Stoyan Christowe. Crowell. 1937. $2.

Stoyan Christowe has already found recognition, within the covers of *Story* and elsewhere, for his fervent, earthy tales of the Balkan peasant. In his first novel he scorns any easy transition out of the short story but takes a tremendous, ambitious stride forward, for "Mara" is a book modeled on epic lines and written with all the vigor and fullness of detail that such a project demands. The background is Macedonia's desperate struggle to be free of Turkish rule, and against this, which alone would be a story of considerable proportions, Christowe traces three or four other major themes: the life, thoughts, and character of the Macedonian peasant; the history and tactics of the rebel leaders; the process of one actual revolutionary plot in Salonika; the development of a typical revolutionist, in Paul, the central figure of the book. All of these are followed carefully and simultaneously, each shedding light upon the other and fusing at last in the tragic dénouement at Salonika. No more ambitious design could be conceived, and in terms of interest, emotional consistency, drama, Christowe has carried it off. As a work of art it has only its overweening ambition against it, for the separate themes, complete and arresting as each is in development, do not blend into that integral whole which the first rate historical novel must be. We are conscious always of following the patterns separately, when we should in fact be immersed in one great pattern of which the others should have been fluid elements. With this one exception taken, the novel must be regarded as decidedly successful and well worth reading.

N. L. R.

GENTLEMAN OF THE PARTY. By A. G. Street. Dutton. 1937. $2.50.

It seems a safe assumption to make:—no dialect is more baffling and awkward than that of Wiltshire. Certainly none looks more disastrous in print. "'I 'low wold Nick spiled the shape o' they downs, Jargie, out o' cussedness, zno. 'Appen th' Almighty made 'em straightish an' then the devil, 'ee come along an' bit out a chunk yer an' there fur 'is dinner. Cum up, Vi'let. When we gits awver-right thic next 'ump, we'll be nigh 'ome an' stable.'"

This novel is about the land. It reflects the changes in agricultural England from 1872 until the present day, as seen through the career of George Simmons. If these changes are but dimly seen it is because of the dialect which, reproduced with an utter faithfulness which should interest students of phonetics and the inhabitants of Wiltshire, is like a thick mist through which the reader, with moving lips and

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
CRIME OF VIOLENCE *Rufus King* (Crime Club: $2.)	Wealthy N. Y'ker, with yen for young bride, shot in Manhattan mansion. Blackmailing valet later perishes in Easthampton. Lieut. Valcour obliges.	Loose diamond chip and "cadaveric spasm" figure largely in clever solution—and tale has more than usual amount of chipper chatter.	Streamlined
FULL FARE FOR THE CORPSE *Tech Davis* (Crime Club: $2.)	Snowbound trans-continental train scene of several killings, considerable macabre festivity, and deft detecting by Aubrey Nash.	Wyoming peaks make good background for gruesome goings-on, people are well done (though too numerous), and plot is satisfactorily scrambled.	Highball
ENVOY EXTRAORDINARY *E. Phillips Oppenheim* Little, Brown: $2.)	Ronald Matresser, apotheosis of all British lords, preserves peace of Europe by vanquishing wicked but somehow likable Prince Otto von Behrling.	Suavely thrilling yarn of international skulduggery, with murder, sniping, snooping, high-toned romance, and all the time-honored trappings.	In the groove
THE CASE OF THE CRAWLING COCKROACH *Harlan Reed* (Dutton: $2.)	Passenger killed on liner from Orient to U. S. Dan Jordan, dipsomaniac dick, grudgingly agrees to locate the murderer.	Perhaps the bleariest-eyed murder yarn yet, with generally obnoxious characters and title that has nothing to do with the case.	Hangover

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

eyes out of focus, vainly peers. Hardly anything is worth so much trouble.

George says:

"'Tis hrong! 'Tis hrong! Wotever be things comin' to? But there, 'tis allus the way wi' playin' varmers.

"An' what do 'ee mean be that, George? asked his wife, who had overheard her husband's mutterings.

"Oh, just that no man don't varm proper lest 'ee'm force put, me dear. Muster Padfield be a nice enough man, an' all that, an' 'ee've a treated I vair. But I knowed what 'twould be when 'ee come. 'Ee bain't a proper varmer. 'Ee'm a rich man's son. As long as times be good, sich volk do varm well, an' thur men han't got nothin' to grouse about. But when times be bad it do take a varmer as 'ave worked fur 'is 'aypence to struggle droo."

Mr. Street is sincere and is thoroughly familiar with his subject. He dedicates his book to "the agricultural labourer, the salt of England's earth" and he means it. The farmer is becoming the Noble Savage of this generation.

C. H. M.

LATE HARVEST. By Sibyl Croly Hanchett. New York: Speller. 1937. $2.50.

This first novel by Mrs. Hanchett is concerned with the problem of a middle-aged woman who desires love and children but is unable to escape her barren, unhappy marriage to live with the young man who loves her. Sara Littlefield, her taciturn husband Adam, and the soulful young Leonard Worthy are involved in an interesting set of circumstances, yet they are never brought to life. We are asked to believe in these people, but neither the writing nor the thought makes us believe in them, since both are too immature for the revelation of such characters.

Mrs. Hanchett's writing is muffled in cotton batting which constantly keeps the reader from any living substance. Both the rhythms and the language of the conversations are unreal. The children talk like their elders, and the speech is fitting to neither. The dialogue of the supposedly clever Bohemians is particularly unfortunate, for it reminds one of nothing so much as a third-rate sophisticated movie exhibited on a double-bill. Like the people and their conversations the background of the small town of Littlefields is completely unconvincing. The story is laid in the 1890s, but only a few external remarks about Beardsley's drawings or Bryan's campaign supply the setting. The reader obtains no inner conviction of reality in any part of the novel.

J. D. H.

Sociology

STUDIES IN THE SCIENCE OF SOCIETY PRESENTED TO ALBERT GALLOWAY KELLER. Edited by George Peter Murdock. Yale University Press. 1937. $6.

This *festschrift* was presented to Albert G. Keller "in celebration of his completion of thirty years as Professor of the Science of Society in Yale University." Professor Keller was the collaborator of William Graham Sumner, carrying to completion "The Science of Society," begun by Sumner. The twenty-six essays which make up the "Studies" range in subject from The Majority Rule in Collective Bargaining to The Pre-Iroquoian Cultures of New York State, but all are within the fields of sociology and anthropology, all the authors were students of Professor Keller's, and all of them conceive of themselves as members of a tradition founded by Sumner. Some of the essays, indeed, are concerned with elaborating particular points in "The Science of Society." As is true of all *festschriften*, the quality of the essays is uneven, but the average standard is high, and the book does honor to Professor Keller. One particular value it has, that it draws our attention to the gaps in even our factual knowledge of human societies. A paper on "Indonesian Civilization" reminds us that we know much about the primitive cultures of Australia and Oceania, little about those of the wealthy and populous Dutch East Indies. Another on the Galician Ukrainians reminds us that we have studied too little the peasant cultures of Europe, the ancestors of our own civilization. There is much more to be done in "collecting cultures."

G. C. H.

PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a select and intelligent clientèle; exchange and barter of literary property or literary services; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, travelling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature; expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the purposes and character of The Saturday Review. Rates: 7 cents per word, including signature. Count two additional words for Box and Number. Payment in full must be received ten days in advance of publication. Address Personal Dept., Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

SILVERMINE TAVERN AND GALLERIES, Norwalk, Conn. Tel. 2300. An old-time country inn. One hour from N. Y. Booklet R on request.

AN OLD NEW ENGLAND farmhouse offers you a summer in the country on the open ocean. Lobster, new peas, blueberry pie; a wood fire; no radio. Rates, $20 a week. The Breakers, Vinalhaven, Maine.

SUMMER at Pemaquid Point, between a quiet bay for swimming and Maine's highest seacliffs for surf. Spruce woods, blueberry meadows, quiet. Lobsters, chowder, wood fires, electricity. Very reasonable. Bradley Inn, Pemaquid Point, Maine.

CAMP SILVER BIRCHES, Canton, Maine. For women. Beautiful lake, boating, bathing. Cabins with sanitary plumbing. Moderate prices. Booklet.

LINDEN HALL, a dignified old home, surrounded by salty traditions, holds space in cool and airy rooms with charming serenity, and preserves the amenities of quiet living. Do you like deep-sea fishing? Sailing? Golf? Crackling fires, clusters of candles, and bending board await your coming. Opening June 19. Restricted. Reservations necessary. Stonington, Connecticut.

GREEN MOUNTAINS—lake country, wood trails, riding, walking, swimming, canoeing, delicious food, an interlude in Vermont stillness. Reasonable rates. Historic Echo Lake Inn, Tyson, Vermont. Caroline Day.

HOW TO READ FICTION
by **GORDON HALL GEROULD**
$1.50
"Pleasant and stimulating."
—*Boston Evening Transcript*
PRINCETON UNIVERSITY PRESS

PERSONALS

PROFESSIONAL, business, Christian men and women, wanting to maintain accustomed high living standard at very low cash outlay, should investigate Young People's Cooperative Residence. Work spare time and pay $4.75 up, exchange room, board, sports. Cooperative Lodge, 229 West 48th, New York.

"GREEN SHADOWS." Old Lyme, Connecticut. A delightful place for a vacation. Excellent food. Restful atmosphere.

CLAUSTROPHOBES and all mainlanders of literary persuasion will enjoy Manhattan Island at and from Hotel Standish Hall which is ideally placed adjacent to Central Park, and overlooks the spacious grounds of the American Museum of Natural History. You can get several rooms for what you would pay for one at many a midtown caravansary, and the atmosphere is one of comfort and content. Quiet nights conducive of rest and cheerful, sunlit days distinguish its hospitality. Accommodations for short or long incumbency. Rooms by the day from $3.00. Furnished suites—parlor, bedroom, bath, and pantry or kitchenette—$6 to $7 a day. Weekly $35. Monthly $125. Kitchenettes have breakfast nooks, refrigerators and gas stoves for those who wish to practice their local cookery in New York. But there is a spacious dining room. Please identify yourself as an SRL reader when writing to Mr. John W. Heath, resident manager, for reservations. Hotel Standish Hall, 45 W. 81st St., New York City.

VISITORS TO ENGLAND. Well appointed guest house in convenient district. Dining and drawing room. Meals optional. Running water all rooms. Bed and breakfast from 32s. 6d. per week ($7.50 American money). 36, Elvaston Place, Kensington, London.

"DON'T-SNORE" device, $1.00 postpaid. For snorers and mouth-breathers. Satisfaction or money back. S. K. Thaxly Co., Washington, D. C.

FOR SALE. Charming old New England low rambling house in Alstead Centre, New Hampshire, with about an acre of land and plenty of apple trees. Elevation over 1,200 feet. Refined, quiet, intellectual neighborhood. Desire to sell to settle an estate. Apply Philip H. Faulkner, Keene, New Hampshire.

THE STUDIO TAVERN — Hillsdale-in-the-Berkshires, New York. A small, exclusive Colonial Inn. Modern improvements. Restricted clientele. Leaflet.

PROFESSOR'S HOUSE. Large, white, Colonial, partly furnished, new paper, paint. Eastern Conn. One hundred acres: woods, timber, acres of laurel, meadows, orchard. Private, excellent roads. $5,000, any terms to responsible buyer. Owner now in Western University. For pictures and particulars, address: Professor, Box 94, Lakeville, Conn.

MANUSCRIPTS, plays expertly typed at home. Ten cents a page. Keep this for future use. WIckersham 2-8557.

QUIET San Francisco "woman-who-had-no-charm," middle years, wants new interests, new friends. Barrie.

WANT JOB or connection with literary firm. Willing invest money. Box 116-C.

BORED with being southern, sheltered and sweet, girl seeks dashing but distant correspondents. Box 114-C.

IF CRAVING cultured company and commendable cuisine, consider Interlaken Lodge, Lake St. Catherine, Wells, Vermont. For particulars address Miss Mabel Taylor.

OUR NEW HAMPSHIRE HILLTOP HOME for rent from August first. Delightful through October. Five masters' bedrooms, spacious rooms, Steinway grand, fireplaces, electricity, furnace. Restricted community. Farm products on premises. $100 per month. Ward, Alstead Center, N. H.

FIRST TIME IN AMERICA! SCHERMANN METHOD. Character reading from handwriting, with psychic impressions. Send 12 lines of writing and one dollar to Mme. Marya Tze, Casa Laguna 1859 N. Kingsley Drive, Hollywood, Cal.

PRIVATE BOOK COLLECTIONS cataloged expertly by experienced, trained librarians. Extremely careful with finest bibliographical detail. Services available at most reasonable rates. Box 121-C.

BREATHES there a man, 35-45, just an average human, sociably inclined, liking to write letters? Box 122-C.

WRITER OR PAINTER to share spacious ideally sheltered New England house. Box 123-C.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PERSONALS

FOR RENT, Eastern Connecticut, seven-room house on three acres. Trees, well. Lake one mile. Box 124-C.

SAGITTARIUS. Leo interested. Write. Twenty-plus. Box 125-C.

CAMP COMPANION; nurse; secretary; fish; hunt; ride; poised; resourceful; unincumbered; A-1 references. Box 126-C.

SOUTHERN LADY, weary materialistic philosophy, humbly requests letters from Trinitarian clergyman (or layman), 30-50. Confidential. "Miss Bewildered."

THE BLUE DOOR, Bakerville—in Connecticut's lovely Litchfield Hills—offers a quiet, restful summer and autumn—good food, good beds, and open fires. Minimum weekly rate $20. Mabel S. Bartlett, Route One, New Hartford, Conn.

SON OF CHAMPION whist player seeks experienced partner to follow in the old man's steps. Box 117-C.

GOLFER of public course ability but country club background, seeks congenial opponents. Bostonian.

IS THERE an owner of summer retreat who is willing to share it weekends with an unattached gentleman? Box 118-C.

WRITER-PHOTOGRAPHER, bachelor, 39. Yankee from ports of the world, would correspond with she-woman of simple tastes unafraid of sun, sea, sail, and gale. Box 119-C.

WANTED—An American or English woman who can teach beginner's German to act as tutor and lady companion to young woman for six weeks in Maine. Experience expected. Box 120-C.

CLASSIFIED

ADVERTISING rates for this Classified Department are as follows: For twenty or more consecutive insertions of any copy, minimum twelve words, 6 cents a word each insertion; for any less number of insertions, 8 cents a word each insertion. Copy may be changed every week. The forms close Friday morning, eight days before publication date. Address Department G. H., The Saturday Review of Literature, 25 West 45th Street, New York City, telephone BRyant 9-0896.

BACK NUMBERS

BACK NUMBERS OF MAGAZINES at Abraham's Bookstore, 141 Fourth Avenue, New York.

FIRST EDITIONS

FIRST EDITIONS, FINE PRESS. CATALOGUES. PHILIP DUSCHNESS, 507 Fifth Avenue, New York.

GOOD BOOKS. First editions of established worth. Books by and about Walt Whitman. Catalogues on request. Alfred F. GOLDSMITH, 42 Lexington Avenue, New York.

GENERAL

20% Discount for Cash.
SCHULTE'S SEMI-ANNUAL SALE.
OVER 500,000 SELECTED BOOKS.
CATALOGUES MAILED FREE.
SCHULTE'S BOOK STORE.
80 FOURTH AVENUE (10th ST.)

LITERARY SERVICES

MATHILDE WEIL, LITERARY AGENT. Books, stories, articles and verse criticized and marketed. Play and scenario departments. THE WRITERS' WORKSHOP, Inc., General Electric Building, 570 Lexington Avenue, New York.

STORIES, NOVELS, BOOKS MARKETED. Editorially recognized, professional aid in placement of fiction and non-fiction. Intelligent, personal assistance in revision, criticism, editing for publication. New authors invited. LAURENCE ROBERTS. LITERARY AGENT. 47 West 42nd Street, New York.

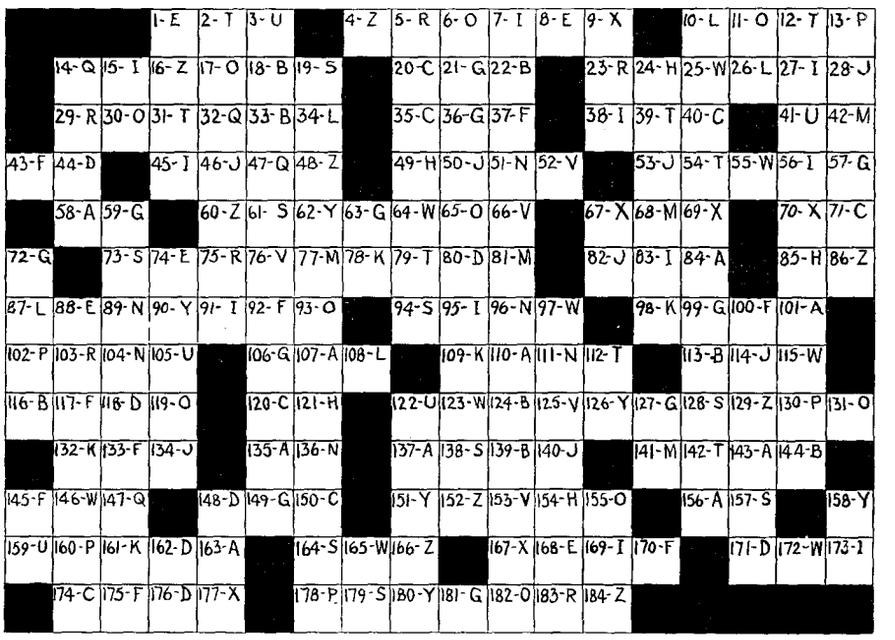
OUT-OF-PRINT

OUT-OF-PRINT books promptly supplied. National Bibliophile Service. 347 Fifth Avenue. New York.

OLD & OUT-OF-PRINT books searched for and reported without charge. Good books bought in any quantity. C. L. Pyetell, 860 W. 181st St., New York, N. Y.

Double-Crostics: No. 172

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY



DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle, you must guess twenty-six words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's International Dictionary.

The solution of last week's *Double-Crostic* will be found on page 18 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. Conspicuous.
B. Pertaining to good digestion.
C. Reverberating.
D. Dulcimer.
E. River immortalized by Robert Service.
F. College of Cambridge University.
G. Drama by Sir Walter Scott.
H. Dwelling of early southwestern Indians.
I. Ignoramus (comp.).
J. Believer in ultimate good, not always along best lines.
K. Jolly boats.
L. King of Northumbria (611-633).
M. Cloth with diagonal ribs.
N. Robber.
O. Inflaming.
P. Push rudely.
Q. Author of "The Fool's Prayer."
R. Market for a commodity.
S. Without delay.
T. Greeks.
U. Nimble.
V. First magnitude star in Orion.
W. Proceeding by twenties.
X. Scholastic philosopher of Canterbury (1033-1109).
Y. Recompense.
Z. Species of narcissus.

WORDS

A. 110 143 156 163 58 101 135 84 107 137
B. 22 33 124 144 116 113 139 18
C. 150 40 174 120 35 71 20
D. 80 176 162 44 171 118 148
E. 1 8 88 168 74
F. 43 117 170 37 145 100 175 92 133
G. 106 149 181 21 99 36 72 63 127 59 57
H. 85 154 24 49 121
I. 56 15 95 45 169 173 38 83 91 27 7
J. 53 28 50 82 114 46 140 134
K. 132 161 98 78 109
L. 34 108 10 26 87
M. 81 141 42 77 68
N. 104 111 136 51 89 96
O. 17 65 182 11 6 155 119 30 131 93
P. 160 13 102 130 178
Q. 32 14 147 47
R. 103 5 75 23 183 29
S. 157 61 179 19 138 94 73 128 164
T. 39 142 12 54 2 112 79 31
U. 122 41 105 159 3
V. 153 125 66 76 52
W. 25 55 172 115 123 64 97 165 146
X. 70 177 9 67 167 69
Y. 126 180 151 62 90 158
Z. 166 86 4 16 152 184 129 48 60

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Amen Corner

Colonel T. Bentley Mott, the author of that "brilliant and unusual book" (*N. Y. Herald Tribune*) *Twenty Years as Military Attaché*,[1] was, according to the late Elihu Root, "the best military attaché we had during all the time I was Secretary of War. His reports were of exceptional value to the Department." As Ralph Thompson pointed out in the *New York Times* it was doubtless part of the same gift which makes Colonel Mott's book such vivid reading.

He gives us a great deal of inside information—such as the first published account of what the Root Mission, with which he went as chief of staff, accomplished in Russia in 1917—but he gives it to us painlessly. So many reviewers have remarked on the lively narrative, excellent anecdotes, and general readability that we can't begin to quote. Besides, if you read any newspaper or review you must have read about it yourself. We will just quote Mr. Thompson: "Colonel Mott's experiences have been singularly rich. He has stood often near stage center just at the edge of the spotlights, a perfect position for an observer and writer, for there he sees the revelatory details that the audience misses and that the spotlighted actors cannot or will not include in their accounts, and of many ordinarily hidden matters he now writes with frankness and wit. He likes people, understands them thoroughly, and his views of some of the World War leaders should be of great help to future historians . . . his book contains much that is news, and some controversial material. It is highly recommended, as a picture of a way of life, as war reminiscence, as a study of outstanding personalities of the first years of this century, and as a comment on education and the army."

Colonel Mott was intimately associated with Herrick (he wrote his life), Joffre, Foch (he translated their memoirs) and Pershing, but his book is not all about the War and War figures. There is a lot about West Point and the Spanish-American War, and a great deal about London, Paris, and St. Petersburg, the late Czar Nicholas, Theodore Roosevelt, Pétain, and the Sultan of Turkey.

We have lately been reminded of C. R. M. F. Cruttwell's *History of the Great War, 1914-1918*[2]—often called the best one-volume history. He concluded that "the events of 1914-1918 have proved to demonstration that war between great states, equipped with all the resources of science, cannot now be regarded as 'an instrument of policy.' It becomes inevitably a struggle for existence." He has consequently turned his attention, in a book just published by the Oxford University Press,[3] to *A History of Peaceful Change in the Modern World*.[4]

THE OXONIAN.

(1) $2.50. (2) $5.50. (3) 114 Fifth Avenue. (4) $3.00.

Trade Winds

BY P. E. G. QUERCUS

WE regretted that Mr. Arundell Esdaile's broadcast from London (at the A. L. A. convention) was so inaudible (sun-spots perhaps?); but Miss Maria Leavitt, of the N. Y. P. L., made up for it by giving Old Q. a copy of Mr. Esdaile's delightful poem written to his secretary (at the British Museum) when she was ill. This should be useful to any high-minded executive whose office Euphrosyne might be disabled. Thus:—

Letter to an Invalid Secretary

Of every woman born alive
The last word's the prerogative,
And has been since the race began—
But then the first is that of man.
Not waiting for your letter then,
I sit me down, take up my pen,
And, better armed than even the just,
Proceed to get my blow in fust.

So now I tell you what's your duty:
Which is, to sleep the sleep of beauty,
And the other sleep, no less adorning,
Which crowns a bed-and-breakfast morning,
Remembering work's the thing will hurt you,
And idleness a moral virtue;
To think no scorn of plate and cup,
But feed and soss and fatten up
(Being different from me herein,
Whose need is rather to grow thin:
Yet may my contrary estate
Be destiny, and fat but fate).

Thus aping the parental function,
I lay upon you my injunction
To keep in spirit and in letter:
Get well, and when you're well, get better.
Oh then, and by no means till then,
Come back, take up the task again,
And find, 'mid work left cold and undone,
A welcome, waiting warm in London.

—*Arundell Esdaile.*

☞Old Q. was planning to steal a march on the world of scholarship by being the first to celebrate (next year) the bicentenary of La Harpe (Jean François de, 1738-1803). But some of the books of reference say he was born in 1739. Will someone let us know which is right, and what's happened to him? In our youth we used to find him alluded to quite often, but only today a college student who has been majoring in French says she never heard of him.

☞According to Walter Hart Blumenthal, in *Hart's Literary Wallet*—a catalogue of "Books Offered for Sale During the Doldrums," 1775 Broadway—probably the only modern author who has actually eaten a book is Ernst Toller who, in 1934, was forced to swallow portions of one of his own novels, in a Nazi concentration camp.

☞An extraordinary record of longevity is claimed by Appleton-Century: on their list are three titles that have been kept continuously in print for 91 years. They are *500 Skeletons of Sermons; Ministers' Companion;* and *Cyclopedia of Sermons;* all edited by Dr. Jabez Burns. ☞"The sales continue year in and year out," say the publishers—and alas, so (probably) do the sermons.

☞Harpers held a luncheon party last week to distribute one copy each of the $50 edition of Edna St. Vincent Millay's forthcoming *Conversation at Midnight* among members of the trade. The edition is limited to 31 copies, so the names of the 54 booksellers who had placed orders were rolled into wads, dropped into a box, and drawn by a group of authors and critics. The first drawing went to the Doubleday, Doran Bookshop at 14 W. 49.

☞Blurb of the week: "William Saroyan is a satirist who goes deeper than Swift, deeper than James Joyce"—W. E. Williams in *Books of the Month*, English trade journal issued by Simpkin Marshall.

☞Schulte's Book Store, 80 Fourth Avenue, N. Y. C., prints in a recent catalogue the following doggerel from a customer—who told Schulte it was "inspired by your sending us notice about a book we'd asked for 10 years 2 months and 3 days previously!" The verses, written by M. R., run:—

The Mounties always get their crook,
But Schulte's always get their book.
Out of print—hard to find—
Big or little—never mind:
Just ask Schulte's. Sure as fate
Schulte's will find it, soon or late
Mounties may always get their crook,
But Schulte's always get their book.

☞Paul Bixler, librarian at Antioch College (Yellow Springs, Ohio) gives the following list of books most often borrowed by the college community in the first half of 1937. The titles are mentioned in order of their number of borrowings. The remarkable feature of this list is the number of plays.

Steinbeck's *Of Mice and Men*
Hart's and Kaufman's *You Can't Take It With You*
Anderson's *High Tor*
Eldridge's *Co-Etiquette*
The Spewacks' *Boy Meets Girl*
Kingsley's *Dead End*
Farrell's *A World I Never Made*
Eastman's *Enjoyment of Laughter*
Hillis's *Live Alone and Like It*
Anderson's *Wingless Victory*
Coward's *Present Indicative*
Coward's *Tonight at 8:30*
Day's *God and My Father*

☞Mr. Bixler adds, among many other interesting comments on student tastes, "No book has had a steadier reading clientele, since it was given to the library in 1931 by J. P. Gavit, than Thurber and White's *Is Sex Necessary?*" He says that the four "serious" books which have shown the greatest appeal to students in recent years are:—

Butler: *The Way of All Flesh*
Maugham: *Of Human Bondage*
De Kruif: *Microbe Hunters*
Steffens: *Autobiography*

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED